A NEW
Anthology
OF
ESSAYS
FOR
XI_XII

PUBLISHER

MUNAWAR BOOK DEPOT
URDU BAZAR, LAHORE.

For

PUNJAB TEXT-BOOK BOARD, LAHORE

A NEW
ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS

XI– XII

Published by :
MUNAWAR BOOK DEPOT
Urdu Bazar, Lahore

for

PUNJAB TEXT BOOK BOARD LAHORE

dition	Impression	Printed in	Copies
Ist	7th	July, 1994	2,000

All Rights Reserved with the Punjab Textbook Board Lahore.
Prescribed for the Intermediate Classes by the Boards of Intermediate and Secondary Education Lahore, Multan, Rawalpindi, Bahawalpur and Sargodha, as a Textbook for English Elective Students. Corrected by the National Committee for the Review of School/College Textbooks.

Code No. G-195

Published by :
MUNAWAR BOOK DEPOT
Urdu Bazar, Lahore

Printed by: **(New Age Printer)**

Selected by:

PROF. DR. IMDADHUSAIN
MRS.S.M. SULERI

Edited by :

MRS. S. M. SULERI

Supervision :

Mrs. Shahida Rasul

بِسۡمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحۡمٰنِ الرَّحِيۡمِ

PREFACE

This book of essays, selected for Intermediate students, is primarily a survey of English prose writers. Apart from standard essayists like Huxley, Leacock, Herbert and Russell, the less familiar writers such as Cooke, the famous broadcaster, Chataway, the athlete who later became a politician, and Sayers, who must be known to some of our students for her well-known detective novels have been included. An effort has been made to bring diversity into this little book and that is why it has not been possible to keep strictly to a certain age of literature and such different writers as Pepys and Lawrence have been chosen.

The main purpose behind this selection has been to choose essays or extracts that should interest the students as well as provide them with examples of good prose. For example, it is hoped that the extract from the Woolf's novel 'To the Lighthouse' will encourage some of them to read more of this famous writer and that some will also wish to read further into the Pepys' entertaining and endearing diary.

Irving's essay is of a particular interest to us because it gives an outsider's view of Islamic History. The essay by Shaw would give the students a deeper insight into his diverse talents when they come to study him as a dramatist.

Apart from the modern essays, the 18th century novelist Fielding, the story-teller Mark Twain whom students must remember from their childhood reading of 'Tom Sawyer', and the humourous essays, which while they may not constitu 'great literature' but are entertaining examples of an easy prose style which the students would do well to emulate, have also been selected.

The notes given at the end of each essay and on its author are not very comprehensive but it is hoped that the students' interest in the essays will spur them on to more detailed reading.

CONTENTS

Page

1. Spoon Feeding ... *W.R. Inge* ... 1
2. Does Culture Matter ... *E.M. Forster* ... 8
3. The Limits of Human Power ... *Bertrand Russell* ... 20
4. The Great God Gun ... *A.G. Gardiner* ... 32
5. Why Not Stay at Home? ... *Aldous Huxley* ... 42
6. Amateur Athletics ... *Chris Chataway* ... 54
7. My Fishpond ... *Stephen Leacock* ... 60
8. Are Women Human? ... *Dorothy Sayers* ... 67
9. *An Extract from* "To the Lighthouse" ... *Virginia Woolf* ... 71
10 Landlords and Industrial Employers ... *Bernard Shaw* ... 74
11. How to Live Long? ... *E.V. Knox* 78
12. Steamboat A. Comin! ... *Mark Twain* ... 84
13. About Bathrooms ... *A.P. Herbert* ... 88
14 On Not Answering the Telephone ... *William Plomer* ... 94
15. The Spanish Bullfight ... *Alistair Cooke* ... 101
16. A Visit to the Theatre ... *Henry Fielding*... 111
17. Writing a Story...One Man's Way ...*Frank O'Connor*... 115

18. My Early Home ... *D.H. Lawrence*... 125
19. Your Car : Drivi and Arriving .... *J.B. Boothroyd*.... 129
20. The Fire of London ... *Samuel Pepys* ... 139
21. The Little Black Car ... *J.B. Boothroyd*... 144
22. Harris in the Maze .. *Jerome K. Jerome* 149

SPOON FEEDING

W.R. Inge

AT the season when the British paterfamilias is sending his children on their Christmas visit to the dentist it must occur to him to wonder why the noble savage never has any trouble with his teeth. It is said that they are kept healthy by the hard work they have to do in tearing tough meat without the help of knife and fork. These implements, and the art of cookery, are reducing man to a toothless animal, and are, perhaps, responsible for such evils as appendicitis and cancer, from which savages hardly suffer at all.

This is only a sample of what civilisation is doing to us, and civilisation, for the majority in every nation, is not yet a hundred years old. Until quite lately the housewife used to bake her own bread, make her own jam, and offer her friends home-brewed wine. Now she can do none of these things. The labourer, before the industrial revolution, was a handy man, almost self-sufficing. Now he understands only one thing—perhaps how to punch out biscuits from a slab of pulp without making the circles intersect. Mr. Austin Freeman, whose observations of savage peoples have made him keenly alive to the evils of machinery describes how his caravan was overtaken by a storm in Central Africa. The natives set to work in the forest, and in a few hours a row of serviceable waterproof huts had been constructed. The despised savage would no more ask the Government to spend a thousand pounds in building a house for him than he would ask it to comb his hair.

Every year we invent machines to do something new for us. Handwriting used to be an art, and a pretty one. Now an increasing number of people rely entirely on the typewriter, and advertisers assure us that 'you cannot afford to do your writing in the old way.' When the typewriter has been introduced into schools we may have a generation who cannot write at all.

Walking and riding, two delightful and health-giving exercises, are becoming extinct. Two hundred years ago the roads were full of riders, and of pedestrians who thought nothing of thirty miles a day. The joys of a long country walk, either solitary or with a friend, are unknown to the younger generation, although there is no more delightful way of spending a spring or summer day.

The changes that have come over reading are less obvious, but equally great. An ancient manuscript fills us with wonder that men ever had eyesight and patience enough for such reading. It must have been a slow process—not altogether a disadvantage when the book is a good one. Medieval manuscripts and early printed books are sometimes clear, but often so minute as to try the strongest modern eyes. And spectacles, probably poor ones at first, are said to have been first discovered about A.D. 1300. No wonder, we think, that the Greeks disliked old age, when they had neither spectacles nor false teeth. But they got on without them fairly well, though they were a very long-lived race. Sophocles wrote his last play, without spectacles, when he was ninety.

The Germans, too, until very recently, made reading a painful exercise. They still like large and closely printed pages, but when to this was added the black-letter type, peculiarly trying the eyes, and the contorted German sentence, sprawling over half a page, with the verbs, or parts of them, in a bunch at the end, we cannot say that the path of learning was made easy for the most diligent and plodding of nations. Even in English, if we compare the prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with that which is written to-day, we shall find that the earlier prose demands real mental exercise on the part of the reader. Modern prose, even when written quickly for ephemeral purposes, may not be beautiful or dignified, but is generally clear. There is no difficulty in understanding what any sentence means, and writers are careful not to jolt the minds of their readers by anything obscure or ambiguous. Our books are now printed in good plain type.

Reading in these circumstances is purely receptive; it is not work at all. For most people it is an agreeable way of killing time, and obviating the painful necessity of thinking, when we have nothing else to do. Our journeyman fiction is evidently a means of getting away from real life, a mild anodyne, or a stimulus to day-dreaming. Newspaper-reading seems to be very largely the result of interest in vicarious athletics and in betting, topics which make no demand on the intellect whatever. There is also a wide desire for general information, but it is only the results, not the method by which they are arrived at, which interest the public. The newspapers are full of snippets, often very well written and illustrated, which give their readers the latest science in tabloid form. The pictures are all photographs; here, again, we are watching the death of a fine art, that of drawing and engraving.

Education, except where the pupils are encouraged to make things with their own hands, is mainly spoon feeding. Fifty years ago the editions of the classics were so bad that the student had to puzzle out difficulties for himself. Now he sits luxuriously before a crib, two commentaries, and a book of lecture-notes which have been slowly dictated in class. He need not use his brains at all. The battle between Greeks and Trojans in education has raged for many years; but the truth is that the conscientious tutor and the conscientious editor between them have killed the valuable part of a classical training.

The same process of making things easy is discernible even in games. Half a century ago the cricket coaches at Eton and Harrow used to bowl to the elevens down a slope to teach them how to stop the famous Lord's shooters. Now if a ball shoots at Lord's, which it hardly ever does, it always gets a wicket, and the aggrieved batsman complains of the grounds-man. The modern mountaineer leaves it to others to 'climb the steep ascent of heaven in peril, toil, and pain'; he prefers a more comfortable way of getting to the top—he 'follows by the train'.

Everywhere we find the same demand to make life easy, safe, and fool-proof. The fine trees in our public parks are periodically mangled and reduced to the condition of clothes-props by our urban and county councils, because boughs have been known to be blown down in a high wind, or even, in the case of elm-trees, to fall suddenly, and once in two hundred years some fool might be standing under the tree at the moment. Every workman must be insured against every variety of accident, even when it is caused by his own negligence. If a traveller slips on a piece of orange-peel, which he ought to have seen, in a railway station, or allowed his coat to be stolen under his eyes in a carriage, he brings an action against the railway company, and wins it. We now demand to be personally conducted through life, all risks to be taken by someone else. After a century or two of this regime we shall all be as helpless as Lord Avebury's ants, who starved almost to death in sight of food because they were used to having it put into their mouths by their slaves.

All this may be right, or it may only be inevitable. But do not let us deceive ourselves. Nature will make us pay for it. Nature takes away any faculty that is not used. She is taking away our natural defences, and has probably added nothing, since the beginning of the historical period, to our mental powers. The power of grappling with difficulties, and finding our way out of labyrinths, will soon be lost if we no longer need it. And after any derangement of our social order we might come to need it very badly. Besides, can we look with satisfaction at the completed product of civilisation, a creature unable to masticate, to write, or to walk, a mere parasite on the machines that enable him to live? Many would prefer to be savages if they could have the magnificent physique of the Zulus or some South Sea Islanders.

There is a general slackness and dislike of unnecessary exertion among our younger people. It affects their religion, which they like to have given them, like everything else, in tabloid form, and without any irksome demands upon their energies. This is certainly not the way of the Cross, and it compares badly with Michelangelo's words: 'Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavour to create something perfect: for God is perfection, and whoever strives for perfection strives for something that is godlike'; or with Newton's Genius is patience.

But I refrain; for I hear my young friends saying to me: 'My venerable sir, when I am your age I shall talk just like that; and I suppose I shall find somebody to print it.'

NOTES

W.R. Inge (1860-1954)—scholar and theologian—was Dean of St. Paul's. The rather pessimistic tone of his sermons earned for him the nickname of "The Gloomy Dean." He also wrote a number of pungent articles for the daily press, out of which the present extract is taken.

Page		
1	*paterfamilias*	head of family.
	Austin Freeman	an authority on primitive people.
2	*extinct*	no longer existing.
3	*ephemeral*	short-lived; fleeting.
	journeyman	a hired workman; one who works by the day.
	anodyne	pain-killer.
	vicarious	filling the place of another; undergoing pain or pleasure in place of another.
	snippets	scraps.

Page		
4	*tabloid*	**sensational news.**
	Eton & Harrow	**famous British public schools.**
	Lord's	**well-known cricket ground in London.**
	shooters	**a cricket ball that shoots along the ground instead of bouncing.**
	"Climb the sleep ascent of heaven in peril, toil and pain".	**a well-known hymn (song of worship).**
	clothes-props	**a pole used to support a clothes-line.**
5	*Lord Avebury*	**(1834-1913) British banker who was famous for his popular scientific books.**
	masticate	**chew.**
	parasite	**hanger-on ; sycophant.**
	Zulus	**member of branch of the Bantu people belonging to South Africa.**
	South Sea Islanders	**inhabitants of Pacific island.**
6	*the way of the Cross*	**to follow the teachings of Christ.**
	Michelangelo	**(1475-1564) Italian painter, sculptor and architect. A genius of astonishing power.**
	Newton	**Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1726), the most famous English scientist.**
	venerable	**old, respected.**

DOES CULTURE MATTER?

E.M. Forster

CULTURE is a forbidding word. I have to use it, knowing of none better, to describe the various beautiful and interesting objects which men have made in the past, and handed down to us, and which some of us are hoping to hand on. Many people despise them. They argue with force that cultural stuff takes up a great deal of room and time, and had better be scraped, and they argue with less force that we live in a new world which has been wiped clean by science and cannot profit by tradition. Science will wipe us clean constantly, they hope, and at decreasing intervals. Broadcasting and the cinema have wiped out the drama, and quite soon we may hope for some new invention which will wipe out the cinema industry and Broadcasting House. In this constant scrubbing, what place can there be for the Brandenburg Concertos, or for solitary reading of Dante, or for the mosaics of Santa Sophia, or for photographs of them ? We shall all rush forward doing our work and amusing ourselves during the recreation hour with whatever gives least bother.

This prospect seems to me so awful that I want to do what I can against it, without too much attempt at fair-mindedness. It is impossible to be fair-minded when one has faith—religious creeds have shown this —and I have so much faith in cultural stuff that I believe it must mean something to other people, and anyhow want it left lying about. Faith makes one unkind : I am pleased when culture scores a neat hit.

For instance, Sir Richard Terry, the organist of Westminster Cathedral, once made remark which gave me unholy joy ; speaking to some young musicians at Blackpool, he told them that they could be either men or crooners when they grew up but not both. A storm in a cocktail resulted. The bands of M. Jack Payne and Mr. Henry Hall fizzed to their depths, and the less prudent members in them accorded interviews to the press. One crooner said that he and his friends could knock down Sir Richard and his friends any day, so they must be men. Another crooner said that he and his friends made more money than Sir Richard's friends, so they must be musicians. The pretentiousness and conceit of these amusement-mongers came out very strikingly. They appeared to be living in an eternal the dansant which they mistook for the universe, and they couldn't bear being teased. For my own part, I don't mind an occasional croon or a blast in passing from a Wurlitzer organ, and Sir Richard Terry's speciality, madrigals, bore me ; nevertheless, the music represented by him and his peers is the real thing ; it ought to be defended and it has the right occasionally to attack. As a rule, it is in retreat, for there is a hostility to cultural stuff today which is disquieting.

Of course, most people never have cared for the classics, in music or elsewhere, but up to now they have been indifferent or ribald, and good-tempered, and have not bothered to denounce. 'Not my sort, bit tame, or 'sounds like the cat being sick, miaou pussy,' or 'Coo, he must have felt bad to paint them apples blue'—these were their typical reactions when confronted with Racine, Stravinsky, Cezanne. There was no to-do-just 'not my sort.' But now the good-humour is vanishing, the guffaw is organised into a sneer, and the typical reaction is 'How dare these so-called art-chaps do it? I'll give them something to do.' This hostility has been well analysed by Mrs. Leavis, in her study of the English novel. She shows that though fiction of the best-seller type has been turned out for the last two hundred years, it has only lately realised its power, and that the popular novelist of today tends to be venomous and aggressive towards his more artistic brethren—an attitude in which he is supported by most of the Press, and by the cheap libraries. Her attitude leads to priggishness; but it is better to be superior than to kowtow. There was once a curious incident, which occupied several inches on a prominent page of *The Times*. A popular comedian had been faded out on the air, and the B.B.C., generally so stiff-necked, were grovelling low in apology, and going into all kinds of detail in extenuation of their grave offence. When they had done, the comedian's comment was printed; he professed himself appeased and consented to broadcast in the future. I wonder how much fuss a poet or a philosopher would have made if his talk had been cut short, and how many inches of regret he would have been given.

Incidents like this, so trivial in themselves, suggest that the past, and the creations that derive from the past, are losing their honour and on their way to being jettisoned. We have, in this age of unrest, to ferry much old stuff across the river, and the old stuff is not merely books, pictures, and music, but the power to enjoy and understand them. If the power is lost, the books, etc., will sink down into museums and die, or only survive in some fantastic caricature.

The power was acquired through tradition. Sinclair Lewis, in *Babbitt*, describes a civilisation which had no tradition and could consequently only work, or amuse itself with rubbish; it had heard of the past, but lacked the power to enjoy it or understand. There is a grim moment at a mediumistic seance, when Dante is invoked. The company knew of Dante as the guy who got singed, so he duly appears in this capacity and returns to his gridiron after a little banter, with a pleased smirk. He has become a proper comic. And it would seem that he is having a similar if less extreme experience in Soviet Russia. He has been ferried across there, but he is condemned as a sadist; that is to say, the power to understand him has been left behind. Certainly Dante wrote over the gates of Hell that they were made by the power, wisdom and love of God:

'Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza eil primo Amore.'

and neither the Middle West nor the Soviets nor ourselves can be expected to agree with that. But there is no reason why we should not understand it, and stretch our minds against his, although they have a different shape. The past is often uncongenial as far as its statements are concerned, but the trained imagination can surmount them and reach the essential. Dante seems to me a test case. If people are giving him up it is a sign that they are throwing culture overboard, owing to the roughness of the water, and will reach the further bank sans Dante sans Shakespeare and sans everything.

Life on that further bank, as I conceive it, is by no means a nightmare. There will be work for all and play for all. But the work and the play will be split; the work will be mechanical and the play frivolous. If you drop tradition and culture you lose your chance of connecting work and play and creating a life which is all of a piece. The past did not succeed in doing that, but it can help us to do it, and that is why it is so useful. Crooners, best-sellers, electrical-organists, funny-faces, dream-girls, and mickey-mice cannot do it—they throw the weight all to one side and increase the split. They are all right when they don't take themselves seriously. But when they begin to talk big and claim the front row of the dress-circle and even get to it, something is wrong. Life on that further bank might not be a nightmare, but some of us would prefer the sleep that has no dreams.

Cultivated people are a drop of ink in the ocean. They mix easily and even genially with other drops, for those exclusive days are over when cultivated people made only cultivated friends, and became tongue-tied or terror-struck in the presence of anyone whose make-up was different from their own. Culture, thank goodness, is no longer a social asset. It can no longer be employed either as a barrier against the mob or as a ladder into the aristocracy. This is one of the few improvements that have occurred in England since the last war. The change has been excellently shown in Mrs. Woolf's biography of Roger Fry; here we can trace the decay of smartness and fashion as factors, and the growth of the idea of enjoyment.

All the same, we are a drop in the ocean. Few people share our enjoyment so far. Strictly between ourselves, and keeping our limited circulation in mind, let us put our heads together and consider for a moment our special problem, our special blessing, our special woes. No one need listen to us who does not want to. We whisper in the corner of a world which is full of other noises, and louder ones.

Come closer. Our problem, as I see it, is this: is what we have got worth passing on? What we have got is (roughly speaking) a little knowledge about books, pictures, tunes, runes, and a little skill in their interpretation. Seated beside our gas-fires, and beneath our electric-bulbs, we inherit a tradition which has lasted for about three thousands years. The tradition was partly popular, but mainly dependent upon aristocratic patronage. In the past, culture has been paid for by the ruling classes; they often did not know why they paid, but they paid, much as they went to church, it was the proper thing to do, it was a form of social snobbery, and so the artists sneaked a meal, the author got a sinecure, and the work of creation went on. Today, people are coming to the top who are, in some ways, more clear-sighted and honest than the ruling classes of the past, and they refuse to pay for what they don't want; judging by the noises through the floor, our neighbour in the flat above doesn't want books, pictures, tunes, runes, anyhow doesn't want the sorts which we recommend. Ought we to bother him? When he is hurrying to lead his wn life, ought we to get in his way like a maiden-unt, our arms, as it were, full of parcels, and say to him 'I was given these specially to hand on to you.... ophocles, Velasquez, Henry James.... I'm afraid hey're a little heavy, but you'll get to love them in ime, and if you don't take them off my hands I don't now who will..... please...... please..... hey're really important, they're culture.'

His reply is unlikely to be favourable, but, snubbing or no snubbing, what ought we to do? That's our problem, that's what we are whispering about, while he and his friends argue and argue and argue over the trade-price of batteries, or the quickest way to get from Balham to Ealing. He doesn't really want the stuff. That clamour for art and literature which Ruskin and Morris thought they detected has died down. He won't take the parcel unless we do some ingenious touting. He is an average modern. People today are either indifferent to the aesthetic products of the past (that is the position both of the industrial magnate and of the trade unionist) or else (the Communist position) they are suspicious of them, and decline to receive them until they have been disinfected in Moscow. In England, still the abode of private enterprise, indifference predominates. I know a few working-class people who enjoy culture, but as a rule I am afraid to bore them with it lest I lose the pleasure of their acquaintance. So what is to be done?

It is tempting to do nothing. Don't recommend culture. Assume that the future will have none, or will work out some form of it which we cannot expect to understand. Auntie had better keep her parcel for herself, in fact, and stop fidgeting. This attitude is dignified, and it further commends itself to me because I can reconcile it with respect for the people arguing upstairs. Who am I that I should worry them? Out of date myself, I like out-of-date things, and am willing to pass out of focus in that company, inheritor of a mode of life which is wanted no more. Do you agree? Without bitterness, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings, ourselves the last of their hangers-on. Drink the wine

—no one wants it, though it came from the vineyards of Greece, the gardens of Persia. Break the glass—no one admires it, no one cares any more about quality or form. Without bitterness and without conceit take your leave. Time happens to have tripped you up, and this is a matter neither for shame nor for pride.

The difficulty here is that the higher pleasures are not really wines or glasses at all. They rather resemble religion, and it is impossible to enjoy them without trying to hand them on. The appreciator of an aesthetic achievement becomes in his minor way an artist; he cannot rest without communicating what has been communicated to him. This 'passing on' impulse takes various forms, some of them merely educational, others merely critical; but it is essentially a glow derived from the central fire, and to extinguish it is to forbid the spread of the Gospel. It is therefore impossible to sit alone with one's books and prints, or to sit with friends like oneself, and never to testify outside. Dogmatism is, of course, a mistake, and even tolerance and tact have too much of the missionary spirit to work satisfactorily. What is needed in the cultural Gospel is to let one's light so shine that men's curiosity is aroused, and they ask why Sophocles, Velasquez, Henry James should cause such disproportionate pleasure. Bring out the enjoyment. If 'the Classics' are advertised as something dolorous and astringent, no one will sample them. But if the cultured person, like the late Roger Fry, is obviously having a good time, those who come across him will be tempted to share it and to find out how.

That seems to be as far as we can get with our problem, as we whisper together in our unobtrusive flat, while our neighbours, who possess voices more

powerful than our own, argue about Balham and Ealing over our heads. Remember, by the way, that we are not creative artists. The creative artist might take another line. He would certainly have more urgent duties. Our chief job is to enjoy ourselves and not to lose heart, and to spread culture not because we love our fellow men, but because certain things seem to us unique and priceless, and, as it were, push us out into the world on their service. It is a Gospel, and not altogether a benign one; it is the zest to communicate what has been communicated. Works of art do have this peculiar pushful quality; the excitement that attended their creation hangs about them, and makes minor artists out of those who have felt their power.

NOTES

E. M. Forster (born 1879) is a novelist and critic whose literary output has been limited in amount but is of very high quality. Of his novels the best known are *Howard's End* (1910) and *A Passage to India* (1924). The extract is out of *Two Cheers for Democracy* (1936).

Page		
8	*Brandenburg Concertos*	Pieces of music composed by Beethoven, the famous German composer.
	Dante	Dante Alighieri (1265-1321); Italian poet, author of the poem Divine Comedy comprising the 'Inferno.. 'the Purgatorio' and 'the Paradiso'. The Inferno is a description of Hell.
	mosaic of Santa Sophia.	famous Church in Istanbul containing beautiful pavements.
9	*crooners*	singers of popular sentimental songs.

	A storm in a cocktail	the usual phrase is a storm in a tea-cup meaning exaggerated fuss.
	Mr. Jack Payne & Mr. Henry Hall.	well-known dance band leaders.
	pretentiousness	showiness.
	amusement-mongers	those who spread amusement.
	the dansant	tea with dancing.
	madrigal	an unaccompanied song.
	peers	equals.
	ribald	vulgar.
	Racine	Jean Racine (1639-99) ; French playwright famous for his tragedies.
	Stravinsky	(1882-1972) ; Russian composer renowned for his experiments in music.
	Cezanne	(1839-1906) French impressionist painter,
10	*guffaw*	a loud laugh.
	Mrs. Leavis	Q.D. Leavis, critic and teacher.
	priggishness	a sense of over-precise morals.
	kow-tow	Chinese ceremony, figuratively used to mean self-abasement.
	stiff-necked	stuck-up.
	jettisoned	abandoned.
11	*Sinclair Lewis*	(1885-1951) American novelist and the first American writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize.
	Babbitt	a novel by S. Lewis whose main character rebels against middle-class society. The word has been adopted into the language to describe a social type.
	mediumistic Seance	a meeting of people who believe in spiritualism. A medium—a person through whom spirits are said to communicate.

	guy	fellow
	singed	slightly burnt.
	gridiron	a grating for cooking over a fire.
	banter	to joke or jest at another.
	smirk	to smile affectedly.
	sadist	one who loves cruelty.
	"Fecemi..........."	a quotation from Dante's poem "The Divine Comedy".
	Middle West	The Mississippi basin.
	test case	a case which may settle other cases in future.
	sans	without.
12	*mickey mice*	from Mickey Mouse, a Walt Disney cartoon character.
	dress-circle	part of a theatre containing expensive and prominent seats.
	Mrs. Woolf	Virginia Woolf (1882-1941); English novelist who contributed to the development of the Art of fiction.
	Roger Fry	(1886-1934); British art critic and painter known for his championship of Cezanne (see note above).
	limited circulation	used of a newspaper which does not sell many copies.
13	*runes*	letters of the ancient Germanic language; a mystic symbol or song.
	sneaked a meal	slyly took an opportunity.
	maiden-aunt	an unmarried aunt usually associated with fussiness and primness.
	Sophocles	(496-406 B.C.); Greek tragic poet whose plays are world-famous.
	Velasques	(1599-1660); Spanish painter—Court painter to Philip IV of whom he painted many portraits.

	Henry James	(1843-1916); American novelist who settled in Europe. A writer of extreme subtlety.
14	*Balham to Ealing*	two widely separated districts of London.
	John Ruskin	(1819 1900) British art critic and social reformer famous for his prose style.
	William Morris	(1834-96), British poet and artist. Also distinguished as a decorator and socialist.
	touting	spying on; aggressive selling.
	disinfected	purified; cleansed. Here used figuratively to mean edited or censored.
	hangers-on	those who stick to a person: sycophants.
	dolorous	full of pain and grief.
	astringent	sharp.

THE LIMITS OF HUMAN POWER

Bertrand Russell

THE old humility of the shepherds who felt themselves subject to the influences of Pleiades is no longer appropriate in the scientific world. But there is a danger lest it should be replaced by a species of arrogance towards nature, which can lead to great disasters. Man, however scientific he may be, is not omnipotent. He is hedged in by natural limits. By means of his knowledge and technique he can diminish the narrowness of these limits, but he can never remove them wholly. Some astronomers try to cheer us up in moments of depression by assuring us that one fine day the sun will explode, and in the twinkling of an eye we shall all be turned into gas. I do not know whether this is going to happen, or when it will happen if it does happen, but I think it is safe to say that if it does it will be a matter outside human control, and that even the best astronomers will not be unable to prevent it.This is an extreme example, and one which it is useless to think about, because there is no way in which human behaviour can be adapted to it. It does, however, serve one purpose, which is to remind us that we are not gods. You may exclaim indignantly, 'but I never thought we were !' No doubt, dear reader, you are not one of these who suffer from the more extreme follies of our age for if you were, you could not be one of my readers. But if you consider the Politbureau or the American technocrats you will see that there are those who escape atheism by impiously imagining themselves on the throne of the Almighty. Such men have forgotten that while we can coax physical nature into satisfying many of our wishes, we cannot exercise authority over it or make it change its ways one jot. The Russian Government appears to think that Soviet decrees can change the laws of genetics; the Vatican apparently believes that ecclesiastical decrees could secure adequate nourishment for us all, even if there were only standing room on the planet. Such opinions, to my mind, represent a form of insane megalomania entirely alien to the scientific spirit.

There are two very different elements in science: scientific knowledge and scientific technique. Those whom I am calling technocrats are interested solely in scientific technique, and the more extreme among them deny that there is such a thing as scientific knowledge, or indeed any kind of knowledge. Scientific theorists, on the other hand, are concerned to discover natural laws, and leave to others the discovery of practical ways in which such laws can be useful. In a word, the technocrat wishes to change nature, while the theorist wishes to understand it. There is practically no one left in the world who will maintain that the point of view of the theroist alone is adequate, but there are many who think that the point of view of the technocrat suffices. Or if at moments they feel it somewhat arid they supplement it, not by any doubt that can be entertained by a scientific inquirer, but by an unscientific form of arrogance, namely the belief that, without the patience and without the submission involved in observing nature, we can arrive by a form of self-assertion at kinds of knowledge which science is incapable of supplying. This again is megalomania.

Man is neither impotent nor omnipotent, he has powers and his powers are surprisingly great, but they are not infinite and they are not so great as he might wish.

But let us have done with these generalities. It is not the generalities but their practical application with which I am concerned. How long will it be before the accessible oil in the world is exhausted? Will all the arable land be turned into dust-bowls as it has been in large parts of the United States? Will the population increase to the point where men again, like their remote ancestors, have no leisure to think of anything but the food supply? Such questions are not to be decided by general philosophical reflections. Communists think that there will be plenty of oil if there are no capitalists. Some religious people think that there will be plenty of food if we trust in Providence. Such ideas are superficial, even when they are called scientific, as they are by the Communists.

Modern industry depends upon raw materials which are found at, or near, the earth's surface. These raw materials are the product of past geological ages; for the most part they are not being reproduced by any natural process. The elements were built up long ago by a process which we are just beginning to understand, and which when understood may enable clever men to put an end to the human race. The process by which the elements were built up required enormous heat, the sort of heat that exists in the interior of the sun. In a great natural laboratory, nature, starting with hydrogen, arrived by various stages at a number of elements. The number used to be ninety-two but is now indefinite. The elements, at temperatures much lower than that at which they were formed, entered into chemical combinations. At a certain stage the earth was at a temperature peculiarly suitable to the formation of complex chemical combinations, and at last combinations were formed which had the properties that are characteristic of living matter. Living matter has a curious property which I have called 'chemical imperialism.' In virtue of this property, when it is put into a suitable environment, it transforms a mass of dead matter into a mass of living matter. It is this property which has made organic evolution possible.

The processes we have been studying are processes of synthesis. They proceed from the simpler to the more complex. The processes of modern industry do exactly the reverse. They use complex raw material and simplify it. So far, this process of simplification is, in the main, not reversible by scientific methods. It may be that it will become so. There is already a hope of turning hydorgen atoms into helium atoms; this is the process which, when perfected, will give us the blessings of the hydrogen bomb. But in all such processes, so far as science is able to control them, there is waste. What is built up in one place is built up by means of dissolution in another place. If by enormous heat we turn a little hydrogen into helium, we shall have turned a very much larger amount of matter into diffused heat which will never again be usable. Many of the processes of nature are irreversibe, and these processes are essential in any form of scientific industry that can at present be imagined. In the reign of Edward III, coal lay about on the surface of the ground. People picked it up and used it at home. The smoke was found to be such a nuisance that the burning of coal was made illegal. I do not know whether this law has ever been repealed, or whether, like the law against polytheism, it has been merely forgotten. However that may be, the obtaining of coal is not now the easy process that it was in the fourteenth century, and there is every reason to suppose that more and more human labour will be required to supply a given amount of coal. Many ages ago, the energy supplied by the sun's heat was transformed into luxuriant vegetation. The energy lay locked up in the layers of petrified tropical ferns until ruthless industrialists seized it and transformed it back again into heat. But the heat that we generate when we burn coal is not localized like the heat in the sun, and is not continually regenerated by atomic processes. It floats off into the atmosphere and becomes for ever useless. There is no process in nature, and there is none imaginable to human ingenuity, by which heat, once diffused, can be reconcentrated, or by which when diffused it can serve any human purpose.

All sources of energy upon which industry depends are wasted when they are employed; and industry is expending them at a continually increasing rate. Already coal has been largely replaced by oil, and oil is being used up so fast that East and West alike conceive it necessary to their own prosperity to destory the industry of the other. And what is true of oil is equally true of other natural resources. Every day, many miles of forest are turned into newspaper, but there is no known process by which newspaper can be turned into forest. You will say that this need not worry us, since newspapers will be replaced by radio, but radio requires electricity, electricity requires power, and power depends upon raw materials.

Modern industry, in fact, is a kind of rape. All the long astronomical and geological ages during which the materials which we find useful have been built up, contribute a moment's blaze, a moment's frivolous exuberance. But when his fireworks are finished, what will become of industrial man?

All this, of course, does not appear in practice in the tragic and catastrophic form in which I have been stating it. What we know is that the price of coal goes up, and we do not readily connect this fact with the second law of thermodynamics. If you look up this law in a textbook, you will learn that it states that entropy always increases, and if you are not a physicist you will not be much the wiser. But the law can be stated more simply, and is stated more simply by proverbial wisdom. It states, in fact, that you cannot unscramble eggs. It deals with all the irreversible processes of nature. Some processes are reversible, some are not. If you travel from London to Edinburgh, you can also travel from Edinburgh to London, but if coal is used to make your train go, there is no way by which you can collect the heat which it generates, and turn it back into coal. If you shuffle a pack of cards, you can, if you take enough trouble, unshuffle them again, but if you drop a drop of ink into a glass of water, the ink will gradually spread throughout the water, and there is no way by which you can collect it back again into a drop. All industry depends upon such irreversible processes; it all uses up the earth's capital. Modern industry is, in fact, a spendthrift, and sooner or later must suffer the penalty of spendthrifts.

I know that most people meet such considerations with a kind of facile optimism. They say 'Oh, the men of science are sure to think of some clever invention, and even if they don't it will last my time.' They feel like the proverbial Irishman—'Why should I do anything for posterity; it never did anything for me!' But I am concerned in this book with Man, considered as a single creature with a single biography. I cannot be content with a brief moment of riotous living followed by destitution, and however clever the scientists may be, there are some things that they cannot be expected to achieve. When they have used up all the easily available sources of energy that nature has scattered carelessly over the surface of our planet, they will have to resort to more laborious processes, and these will involve a gradual lowering of the standard of living. Modern industrialists are like men who have come for the first time upon fertile virgin land, and can live for a little while in great comfort with only a modicum of labour. It would be irrational to hope that the present heyday of industrialism will not develop far beyond its present level, but sooner or later, owing to the exhaustion of raw material, its capacity to supply human needs will diminish, not suddenly, but gradually. This could, of course, be prevented if men exercised any restraint or foresight in their present frenzied exploitation. Perhaps before it is too late they will learn to do so. But this is a question of politics, and I do not wish, as yet, to consider the political aspect of our problem.

So far I have been considering the raw materials of industry, but the matter is far more grave as regards soil, which is the raw material of food. Ever since agriculture began it has been carried on wastefully in most parts of the world. Where methods are completely primitive, the cultivator merely moves on after he has exhausted the soil of one piece of land. This requires, of course, a great deal of available territory, and even then, only offers a permanent solution if the damage done to the soil by cultivation is temporary and not permanent. It is no wonder that men worshipped fertility divinities or that they developed a belief in the magical efficacy of human sacrifice. But in former times, while the population of the globe was still sparse, the problem had not the tragic importance that it has in our own day. It has been treated very fully in two books: Fairfield Osborne's "Our Plundered Planet" and William Vogt's "Road to Survival." I could wish to see both these books carefully studied by all who allow themselves a facile optimism, and especially by those who believe that free enterprise and the profit motive will solve all problems. They will learn from these authors many tragic facts about formerly fertile hillsides now turned into barren rock, about irrigated plains now desert, and flourishing civilisations now buried beneath the sands. They will learn that this process, which devastated Western Asia and North Africa centuries ago, is in full swing at the present day in many parts of the Western hemisphere, including the United States. They will learn that the intense demand for food, which results from increase of population and development of industry, is becoming year by year more difficult to satisfy. We all know that the price of food goes up, but most of us attribute this to the wickedness of the Government. If we live under a progressive Government, it makes us reactionary; if we live under a reactionary Government, it turns us into Socialists. Both these reactions are superficial and frivolous. All Governments, whatever their political complexion, are at present willy-nilly in the grip of natural forces which can only be dealt with by a degree of intelligence of which mankind hitherto has shown little evidence.

I have been speaking hitherto in this chapter of what can be expected on the basis of our present scientific knowledge. It must be admitted, however, that there are favourable possibilities which would bring about, at least for a time, a quite different state of affairs. There are those who tell us that the use of soil for growing plants is quite out of date, and that they can be grown just as well without, by supplying proper chemicals in proper proportions. I have a doubt whether they would taste quite as nice by this process, but I suppose a small quantity of food could still be grown by the old methods for the benefit of captains of industry and the Politbureau. As for the rest of the population, they will have to learn to be scientific in their tastes, and be content with whatever in the way of calories and vitamins the experts consider good for them.

Apart from the question of food, there is the question of energy. It seems clear that, if it were financially worthwhile, fairly economical methods could be discovered by which more use would be made than at present of energy from the sun. And in theory there is no calculable limit to what can be got out of atomic energy. When people have discovered how to turn hydrogen into helium, sea-water will become their raw material, and it will be a long time before this source of supply is exhausted. Speaking of less specific possibilities, we have to reflect that man has existed for about a million years, and scientific technique for at most two hundred years. Seeing what it has already accomplished, it would be very rash to place any limits upon what it may accomplish in the future. Scientific knowledge is an intoxicating draught, and it may be one which the human race is unable to sustain. It may be that, like the men who built the Tower of Babel in the hope of reaching up to heaven, so the men who pursue the secrets of the atom will be punished for their impiety by providing by accident the means of exterminating the human species, and perhaps all life on this planet. From some points of view such a consummation might not be wholly regrettable, but these points of view can hardly be ours. Perhaps somewhere else, in some distant nebula, some unimportant star has an unimportant planet on which there are rational beings. Perhaps in another million years their instruments will tell them of our fate, and lead them to agree on an agenda for a conference of foreign ministers. If so, man will not have lived in vain.

NOTES

Bertrand Russell (1872-1971), the third Earl Russell, was a brilliant and prolific writer in the fields of mathematics, relativity, philosophy, morals, science and fiction. He is a writer of encyclopaedic knowledge and limpid style.

Page		
20	*Pleiades*	a loose cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus of which 6 are visible to ordinary sight.
	the twinkling of an eye	a second.
	Polibureau	the policy forming committee of the Communist Party in the

		U.S.S.R. (now replaced by the Presidium).
21	*jot*	scrap.
	genetics	the science of plant and animal breeding.
	the Vatican	the government of the Pope (head of the Roman Catholic Church).
	megalomania	mental disorder in which subject thinks himself great or exalted.
22	*dust bowl*	man-created desert.
23	*Edward III*	King of England (1327-77).
25	*to rape*	to ravish, to violate.
	thermodynamics	branch of science dealing with relations between heat and energy.
	entropy	an index of the degree in which the total energy of a thermodynamic system is uniformly distributed.
	spendthrift	an extravagant person.
26	*virgin land*	land not previously cultivated.
	a modicum	a moderate amount, a little.
27	*fertility divinities*	gods who were supposed to confer fruitfulness.
	efficacy	effective energy.
	Willian Vogt	(1858-1931), Norwegian geologist.
	Fairfield Osborne	(1857-1935), American scientist known for his study of fossils.
28	*willy-nilly*	uncertain ; whether one will or not.
	captains of industry	a phrase quoted from Carlyle ; here meaning people of power and wealth
29	*the Tower of Babel*	a reference to a story in the Bible (Gen XI) describing an attempt to build a tower high enough to reach the heaven.

atom	a particle of matter so small that before the discoveries of 20th century scientists, it could not be divided.
consummation	act of completing; perfection; conclusion of life or of the universe.
nebula	a cloudiness in the heavens by a group of stars too distant to be seen.

THE GREAT GOD GUN

A.G. Gardiner

A few days ago I saw the Advent of the Great God Gun. The goddess Aphrodite, according to ancient mythology, rose out of the foam of the sea, and the Great God Gun, too, emerged from a bath, but it was a bath of fire—fire so white and intense that the eyes were blinded by it as they are blinded by the light of the unclouded sun at midday.

Our presence had been timed for the moment of his coming. We stood in a great chamber higher than a cathedral nave, and with something even less than the dim religious light of a cathedral nave. The exterior of the temple was plain even to ugliness, a tower of high, windowless walls faced with corrugated iron. Within was a maze of immense mysteries, mighty cylinders towering into the gloom above, great pits descending into the gloom below, gigantic cranes showing against the dim skylight, with here and there a Cyclopean figure clad in oily overalls and with a face grimy and perspiring.

The signal was given. Two shadowy figures that appeared in the darkness above one of the cylinders began their incantations. A giant crane towered above them and one saw its mighty claw descend into the orifice of the cylinder as if to drag some Eurydice out of the hell within. Then the word was spoken and somewhere a lever, or perhaps only an electric button, was touched. But at that touch the whole front of the mighty cylinder from top to bottom opened and swung back slowly and majestically, and one stood before a pillar of flame forty feet high, pure and white, an infinity of intolerable light, from whence a wave of heat came forth like a living thing. And as the door opened the Cyclopes above—strange Dantesque figures now swallowed up in the gloom, now caught in the light of the furnace—set the crane in motion, and through the open door of the cylinder came the god suspended from the claw of the crane that gripped it like the fingers of a hand.

It emerged slowly like a column of wild light—mystic, wonderful. All night it had stood imprisoned in the cylinder enveloped by that bath of incalculable hotness, and as it came out from the ordeal, it was as white as the furnace within. The great hand of the crane bore it forward with a solemn slowness until it paused over the mouth of one of the pits. I had looked into this pit and seen that it was filled nearly to the brim with a slimy liquid. It was a pit of oil—tens of thousands of gallons of high-flash rape-oil. It was the second bath of the god.

The monster, the whiteness of his heat now flushing to pink, paused above the pit. Then gravely, under the direction of the iron hand that held him suspended in mid-air, he began to descend into the oil. The breech end of the incandescent column touched the surface of the liquid, and at that touch there leapt out of the mouth of the pit great tongues of flame. As the red pillar sank deeper and deeper in the pit the flames burst up through the muzzle and licked with fury about the ruthless claw as if to tear it to pieces. But it would not let go. Lower and lower sank the god until even his head was submerged and he stood invisible beneath us, robed in his cloak of oil.

And there we will leave him to toughen and harden as he drinks in the oil hungrily through his burning pores. Soon he will be caught up in the claw of the crane again, lifted out of his bath and lowered into an empty pit nearby. And upon him will descend another tube, that has passed through the same trials, and that will fit him as the skin fits the body. And then in due course he will be provided with yet another coat. Round and round him will be wound miles of flattened wire, put on at a tension of unthinkable resistance. And even then there remains his outer garment, his jacket, to swell still further his mighty bulk. After that he will be equipped with his brain—all the wonderful mechanism of breech and cradle—and then one day he will be carried to the huge structure near by, where the Great God Gun in all his manifestations, from the little mountain ten-pounder to the leviathan fifteen-inch, rests shining and wonderful, to be sent forth with his message of death and destructions.

The savage, we are told, is misguided enough to 'bow down to wood and stone.' Poor savage! If we could only take him, with his childlike intelligence, into our temple to see the god that the genius and industry of civilised man has created, a god so vast that a hundred men could not lift him, of such incredible delicacy that his myriad parts are fitted together to the thousandth, the ten-thousandth, and even the hundred-thousandth of an inch, and out of whose throat there issue thunders and lightnings that carry ruin for tens of miles. How ashamed the poor savage would be of his idols of wood and stone! How he would abase himself before the god of the Christian nations!

And what a voracious deity he is! Here in the great arsenal of Woolwich one passes through miles and miles of bewildering activities, foundries where the forty-ton hammer falls with the softness of a caress upon the great column of molten metal, and gives it the first crude likeness of the god, where vast converters are sending out flames of an unearthly hue and brightness, or where men clothed in grime and perspiration are swinging about billets of steel that scorch you as they pass from the furnace to the steam-press in which they are stamped like putty into the rough shape of great shells; shops where the roar of thousands of lathes drowns the voice and where the food of the god is passing through a multitude of preparations more delicate than any known to the kitchens of Lucullus; pools of silence where grave scientific men are at their calculations and their tests, and where mechanics who are the princes of their trade show you delicate instruments gauged to the hundred-thousandth of an inch that are so precious that they will scarcely let you handle them; mysterious chambers where the high explosives are handled and where the shells are filled, where you walk in felt slippers upon padded floors and dare not drop a pin lest you wake an earthquake, and where you see men working (for what pay I know not) with materials more terrible than lightnings, themselves partitioned off from eternity only by the scrupulous observance of the meticulous laws of this realm of the sleeping Furies.

A great town—a town whose activities alone are equal to all the labour of a city like Leeds—all devoted to the service of a god who lies there, mystic, wonderful, waiting to speak his oracles to men. I see the poor savage growing more and more ashamed of his wood and stone. And this, good savage, is only a trifling part of our devotions. All over the land whereever you go you shall find furnaces blazing to his glory, mountains shattered to make his ribs, factories throbbing day and night to feed his gigantic maw and to clothe his servants.

You shall go down to the great rivers and hear a thousand hammers beating their music out of the hulls of mighty ships that are to be the chariots of the god, in which he will go forth to preach his gospel. You shall go down into the bowels of the earth and see half-naked men toiling in the blackness by the dim light of the safety-lamp to win that wonderful food which is the ultimate food of the god, power to forge his frame, power to drive his chariots, power to wing his bolts. You shall go to our temples of learning and the laboratories of our universities and see the miracles of destruction that science, the proudest achievement of man, can wring out of that astonishing mystery coal-tar. You shall go to our ports and watch the ships riding in proudly from the seas with their tributes from afar to the god. And behind all this activity you shall see a nation working day and night to pay for the food of the god, throwing all its accumulated wealth into the furnace to keep the engines going, pawning its future to the uttermost farthing and to the remotest generation.

And wherever the white man dwells, good savage, the same vision awaits you—

'.. ....where Rhine unto the sea,
And Thames and Tiber, Seine and Danube run,

And where great armies glitter in the sun,
And great kings rule and men are boasted free.

Everywhere the hammers are ringing, the forests are falling, the harvests are being gathered, and men and women toil like galley slaves chained to the oar to build more and more of the image and feed him more lavishly with the food of death. You cannot escape the great traffic of the god though you go to the outposts of the earth. The horses of the pampas are being rounded up to drag his wagons, the sheep of Australia are being sheared to clothe his slaves, the pine trees of Lapland are being split for his service, the silence of the Arctic seas is broken by the throbbing of his chariots. As a neutral, good savage, you shall be free to go to Essen and see marvels no less wonderful than those you have seen at Woolwich, and all through Europe from Bremen to the Golden Horn the same infinite toil in the service of the Great God Gun will greet your astonished eyes.

Then, it may be, you will pass to where the god delivers his message ; on sea where one word from his mouth sends a thousand men and twenty thousand tons of metal in one huge dust-storm to the skies ; on land where over hundreds of miles of battle front the towns and villages are mounds of rubbish, where the desolate earth is riven and shattered by that treacly stuff you saw being ladled into the shells in the danger rooms at Woolwich or Essen, where the dead lie thick as leaves in autumn, and where in every wood you will come upon the secret shrines of the god. At one light touch of the lever he lifts his head, coughs his mighty guttural speech and sinks back as if convulsed. He has spoken, the earth trembles, the trees about him shudder at the shock. And standing in the observatory you will see far off a great black, billowy mass rise in the clear sky and you will know that the god has blown another god like unto him into fragments, and that in that mass that rises and falls is the wreckage of many a man who has looked his last upon the sun and will never till the home fields again or gladden the eyes of those he has left in some distant land.

And then, to complete your experience, you shall hear from the prophets of the Great God Gun the praises of his gospel, how that gospel is an abiding part of the white man's faith, how it acts as a moral medicine to humanity, purging it of its vices and teaching it the higher virtues (a visit to the music halls and the Strand at midnight will help your simple mind to realise this), and how the words of the poet, uttered in satire—

'That civilisation doos git forrad
Sometimes upon a powder-cart—'

were in truth the words of eternal wisdom.

I see the poor savage returning sadly to his home and gazing with mingled scorn and humiliation at his futile image of wood and stone. Perhaps another feeling will mingle with his sadness. Perhaps he will be perplexed and puzzled. For he may have heard of another religion that the white man serves, and it may be difficult for his simple mind to reconcile that religion with the gospel of that Great God Gun.

NOTES

A.G. Gardiner (1865-1946) was one of the most distinguished figures in English journalism and Editor of the '*Daily News*' from 1902 to 1919. Under the pseudonym of *Alpha of the Plough* he

contributed a delightful series of essays, out of which the present essay is taken.

Page		
32	*advent*	arrival, appearance.
	Aphrodite	the goddess of love and beauty who sprang from the foam of the sea near Cythera, an island.
	chamber	large room.
	nave	part of a church from the West door to the chancel.
	dim, religious light	a phrase from Milton's poem 'IL Penseroso'.
	corrugated iron	iron sheets bent into ridges.
	maze	network of paths, labyrinth.
	Cyclopean	like a Cyclops (one-eyed giant of Greek mythology).
	incantations	chanted spells or magic formulae.
	orifice	opening, mouth.
	Eurydice	wife of Orpheus, a legendary poet of great skill. She died of a snake-bite and Orpheus determined to recover her from the Underworld. He failed because he disobeyed an order not to look back.
33	*Dantesque*	recalling Dante's descriptions.
	mystic. wonderful	a phrase from Tennyson's poem "The passing of Arthur".
	rape oil	lubricant made from rape-seed, a plant grown as food for sheep.
	breech	part of gun behind the bore.
	incandescent	glowing with heat, shining brightly.
	muzzle	open end of gun.
34	*tension*	stress by which wire is pulled
	breech and cradle	structure built to hold part of a gun and keep it in position.

	manifestations	evidences, appearances.
	ten-pounder	large cannon.
	leviathan	sea-monster; anything very huge.
	fifteen inch	cannon of extra-large calibre.
	myriad	an indefinitely great number.
35	*voracious*	greedy in eating; ravenous.
	arsenal	establishment for storage or manufacture of armaments.
	Woolwich	large depot in Britain for military stores.
	billets	small bars of metal.
	putty	cement for fixing panes of glass etc.
	shells	explosive bombs for use in guns.
	lathes	machines which rotate in order to shape metal, wood etc.
	Lucullus	(about 110 B.C.); Roman consul who amassed great wealth and became famous for spending vast sums on a single meal.
	gauged	exactly measured.
	meticulous	over-scrupulous about minute details.
	the furies	the avenging deities of Greek mythology who tortured the guilty with stings of conscience.
	Leeds	an industrial town in Britain.
36	*oracles*	prophecies; revelations.
	maw	stomach of an animal.
	bowels of the earth	interior of the earth.
	coal-tar	tar extracted from coal.
	pawning	(to pawn) to deposit something as security with a promise to pay later.
	farthing	formerly, smallest coin of Britain.
37	*pampas*	treeless plain in South America.
	Lapland	country of the Lapps; a short race of northern **Scandinavia**.

	Essen	a German industrial town where munition factories are situated.
	Bremen	another German town where armaments are manufactured.
	Golden Horn	the harbour of Istanbul, a curved arm of the Bosphorus.
	riven	split.
	treacly	treacle is dark syrup obtained in refining sugar. Hence sticky, thick, viscous.
	guttural	a sound produced in the throat.
38	*music-halls*	theatres where variety shows are held.
	the Strand	a famous London street where there are many places of entertainment.

WHY NOT STAY AT HOME ?

Aldous Huxley

Some people travel on business, some in search of health. But it is neither the sickly nor the men of affairs who fill the Grand Hotels and the pockets of their proprietors. It is those who travel 'for pleasure', as the phrase goes. What Epicurus, who never travelled except when he was banished, sought in his own garden, our tourists seek abroad. And do they find their happiness ? Those who frequent the places where they resort must often find this question, with a tentative answer in the negative, fairly forced upon them. For tourists are, in the main, a very gloomy-looking tribe. I have seen much brightter faces at a funeral than in the Piazza of St. Mark's. Only when they can band together and pretend, for a brief, precarious hour, that they are at home, do the majority of tourists look really happy. One wonders why they come abroad.

The fact is that very few travellers really like travelling. If they go to the trouble and expense of travelling, it is not so much from curiosity, for fun, or because they like to see things beautiful and strange, as out of a kind of snobbery. People travel for the same reason as they collect works of art : because the best people do it. To have been to certain spots on the earth's surface is socially correct ; and having been there, one is superior to those who have not. Moreover, travelling gives one something to talk about when one gets home. The subjects of conversation are not so numerous that one can neglect an opportunity of adding to one's store.

To justify this snobbery, a series of myths has gradually been elaborated. The places which it is socially smart to have visited are aureoled with glamour, till they are made to appear, for those who have not been there, like so many fabled Babylons or Baghdads. Those who have travelled have a personal interest in cultivating and disseminating these fables. For if Paris and Monte Carlo are really so marvellous as it is generally supposed, by the inhabitants of Bradford or Milwaukee, of Tomsk and Bergen, that they are—why, then, the merit of the travellers who have actually visited these places is the greater, and their superiority over the stay-at-homes the more enormous. It is for this reason (and because they pay the hotel proprietors and the steamship companies) that the fables are studiously kept alive.

Few things are more pathetic than the spectacle of inexperienced travellers, brought up on these myths, desperately doing their best to make external reality square with fable. It is for the sake of the myths and, less consciously, in the name of snobbery that they left their homes; to admit disappointment in the reality would be to admit their own foolishness in having believed the fables and would detract from their merit in having undertaken the pilgrimage. Out of the hundreds of thousands of Anglo-Saxons who frequent the night clubs and dancing-saloons of Paris, there are a good many, no doubt, who genuinely like that sort of thing. But there are also very many who do not. In their hearts, secretly, they are bored and a little disgusted. But they have been brought up to believe in a fabulous "Gay Paree," where every thing is deliriously exciting and where alone it is possible to see what is technically known as life. Conscientiously, therefore, they strive, when they come to Paris, to be gay. Night after night the dance halls and the bordellos are thronged by serious young compatriots of Emerson and Matthew Arnold, earnestly engaged in trying to see life, neither very steadily nor whole, through the ever thickening mists of Heidsieck and Reoderer.

Still more courageously determined are their female companions: for they, mostly (unless they are extremely 'Modern'), have not the Roederer to assist them in finding Paris gay. The saddest sight I ever saw was in a Montmartre boite at about five o'clock of an autumn morning. At a table in a corner of the hall sat three young American girls, quite unattended, adventurously seeing life by themselves. In front of them, on the table, stood the regulation bottles of champagne but for preference—perhaps on principle—they were sipping lemonade. The jazz band played on monotonously; the tired drummer nodded over his drums, the saxophonist yawned into his saxophone. In couples, in staggering groups, the guests departed. But grimly, indomitable, in spite of their fatigue, in spite of the boredom which so clearly expressed itself on their charming and ingenuous faces, the three young girls sat on. They were still there when I left at sunrise. What stories, I reflected, they would tell when they got home again! And how envious they would make their untravelled friends. 'Paris is just wonderful . . .'

To the Parisians, the fable brings in several hundred milliards of good money. They give it a generous publicity : business is business. But if I were the manager of a Montmartre dancing-saloon, I think I should tell my waiters to act their gay parts with a little more conviction. 'My men,' I should say to them, 'you ought to look as though you believed in the fable out of which we make our living. Smile, be merry. Your present expression, which is a mingling of weariness, disgusted contempt for your clients and cynical rapacity, is not inspiring. One day the clients might be sober enough to notice it. And where should we be then ?'

But Paris and Monte are not the only resorts of pilgrimage. There are also Rome and Florence. There are picture galleries, churches, and ruins as well as shops and casinos. And the snobbery which decrees that one must like Art—or, to be more accurate, that one should have visited the places where Art is to be seen—is almost as tyrannous as that which bids one visit the places where one can see Life.

All of us are more or less interested in Life—even in that rather smelly slice of it that is to be found in Montmartre. But a taste for Art—or at any rate the sort of art that is found in galleries and churches—is by no means universal. Hence the case of the poor tourists who, from motives of snobbery visit Rome and Florence, is even more pathetic than the case of those who repair for the same reasons to Paris and Monte Carlo. Tourists 'doing' a church wear a mask of dutiful interest ; but what lassitude, what utter weariness of spirit looks out, too often at their eyes ! And the weariness is felt, within, still more acutely, because precisely of the necessity of simulating this rapt attentiveness of even going hypocritically into raptures over the things that are started in the Baedeker. There come moments when flesh and blood can stand the strain no longer. Philistinism absolutely refuses to pay the tribute it owe to taste. Exasperated and defiant, the tourist swears that he won't so much as put his nose inside another church preferring to spend his days in the lounge of the hotel reading the continental Daily Mail.

I remember witnessing one of these rebellions at Venice. A motor boat company was advertising afternoon excursions to the island of Torcello. We booked our seats and at the appointed time set off, in company with seven or eight other tourists. Romantic in its desolation. Torcello rose out of the lagoon. The boatmen drew up at the side of a mouldering jetty. A quarter of a mile away, through the fields, stood the church. It contains some of the most beautiful mosaics in Italy. We climbed on shore—all of us with the exception of one strongminded American couple who, on learning that the object of interest on this island was only another church; decided to remain comfortably seated in the boat till the rest of the party should return. I admired them for their should have come all this way and spent all that money, merely for the pleasure of sitting in a motor boat tied to a rotting wharf. And they were only at Venice. Their Italian ordeal had hardly begun. Padua, Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Florence, Siena Perugia, Assisi and Rome, with all their innumerable churches and pictures—had still to be looked at—before the blessed goal of Naples finally reached—they could be permitted to take the liner home again across the Atlantic. Poor slaves, I thought; and of how exacting a master.

We call such people travellers because they do not stay at home. But they are not genuine travellers, not travellers born. For they travel, not for travelling's sake, but for convention's. They set out, nourished on fables and fantastical hopes, return whether they avow it or not, disappointed. Their interest in the real and actual being insufficiently lively, they hanker after mythology, and the facts, however curious, beautiful and varied, are a disillusionment. It is only the society of their fellow-tourists, with whom they conspire, every now and then, to make a little oasis of home in the foreign wilderness, coupled with the consciousness of a social duty done, that keeps them even moderately cheerful in the face of the depressing facts of travel.

Your genuine traveller, on the other hand, is so much interested in real things that he does not find it necessary to believe in fables. He is insatiably curious, he loves what is unfamiliarity, he takes pleasure in every manifestation of beauty. It would be absurd, of course, to say that he is never bored. For it is practically impossible to travel without being sometimes bored. For the tourist, a large part of almost every day is necessarily empty. Much time, to begin with, must be spent in merely getting from place to place. And when the sights have been seen, the sightseer finds himself physically weary and with nothing particular to do. At home, among one's regular occupations one is never bored. Ennui is essentially a holiday feeling. (Is it not the chronic disease of the leisured?) It is for that very reason that your true traveller finds boredom rather agreeable than painful. It is the symbol of his liberty—his excessive freedom. He accepts boredom, when it comes, not merely philosophically, but almost with pleasure.

For the born traveller, travelling is a besetting vice. Like other vices it is imperious, demanding its victim's time, money, energy and the sacrifice of his comfort. It claims and the born traveller gives, willingly, even eagerly. Most vices, it may be added parenthetically, demand considerable self-sacrifices. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a vicious life is a life of uninterrupted pleasure. It is a life almost as wearisome and painful—if strenuously led—as Christian's in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The chief difference between Christian and the vicious man is that the first gets something out of his hardships—gets it here and now in the shape of a certain spiritual well-being, to say nothing of what he may get in that sadly problematical Jerusalem beyond the river—while the second gets nothing, except, perhaps, gout and general paralysis of the insane.

The vice of travelling, it is true, does not necessarily bring with it these two particular diseases; nor indeed any diseases at all, unless your wanderings take you as far as the tropics. No bodily diseases; for travelling is not a vice of the body (which it mortifies) but of the mind. Your traveller-for-travelling's-sake is like your desultory reader—a man addicted to mental self-indulgence.

Like all other vicious men, the reader, and the traveller have a whole armoury of justifications with which to defend themselves. Reading and travelling, they say, broaden the mind, stimulate imagination, are a liberal education. And so on. These are specious arguments; but nobody is very much impressed by them. For though it may be quite true that, for certain people, desultory reading and aimless travelling are richly educative, it is not for that reason that most true readers and travellers born indulge their tastes. We read and travel, not that we may broaden and enrich our minds, but that we may pleasantly forget they exist. We love reading and travelling because they are the most delightful of all the many substitutes. That is why they are not every man's diversion. The congenital reader or traveller is one of those more fastidious spirits who cannot find the distractions they require in betting, mah-jongg, drink, golf or fox-trots.

There exist a few, a very few, who travel and for that matter, who read, with purpose and a definite system. This is a morally admirable class. And it is the class to which, in general, the people who achieve something in the world belong. Not always, however, by any means. For also, one may have a high purpose and a fine character, but no talent. Some of the most self-indulgent and aimless of travellers and readers have known how to profit by their vices. Desultory reading was Dr. Johnson's besetting sin; he read every book that came under his hand and none to the end. And yet his achievement was not small. And there are frivolous travellers, like Backford who have gone about the world, indulging their wanton curiosity, to almost as good purpose. Virtue is its own reward; but the grapes which talent knows how to pluck--are they not a little sour?

With me, travelling is frankly a vice. The temptation to indulge in it is one which I find almost as hard to resist as the temptation to read promiscuously, omnivorously and without purpose. From time to time, it is true, I make a desperate resolution to mend my ways. I sketch out programmes of useful, serious reading; I try to turn my rambling voyages into systematic tours through the history of art and civilization. But without much success. After a little I relapse into my old bad ways. Deplorable weakness! I try to comfort myself with the thought that even my vices may be of some profit to me.

NOTES

Aldous Huxley (1894-1963) is a briliant novelist and essayist with a ruthless critical intelligence. 'Why not stay at home?' was published in his collection of essays *All Along the Road* (1925).

Pages		
42	*to fill the pockets of some-one*	to make some-one rich.
	Epicurus	(341-270 B.C) ; Greek philosopher who taught that human living should be pleasant.
	Piazza of S. Mark's	the square facing the Church of St. Mark in Venice.
	precarious	dangerous.
	the best people	a snobbish phrase describing people prominent in society.
43	*myths*	legends.
	aureoled	encircled with a crown of light.
	Babylon	ancient city, capital of Babylonian Empire.
	Baghdad	the capital of Iraq.
	Monte Carlo	a town in Monaco famous as a tourist resort and for its casino.
	Bradford	an industrial town in Yorkshire, U.K.

	Milwaukee	an industrial town in Wisconsin U S.A.
	Tomsk	a town in Siberia, U.S.S R.
	Bergen	important port on W. coast of Norway.
	to make something square with	to bring into agreement. to reconcile.
	Anglo-Saxons	Old English · now applied to any people of English speech
44	*Gay Paree*	'Paree reproduces the French pronunciation of Paris. The adjective' 'gay' is used because the city is associated with entertainment and pleasure-seeking.
	deliriously	wildly ; insanely.
	bordello	house of prostitution.
	Ralph Waldo Emerson	(1803-1882) ; American essayist and philosopher.
	Matthew Arnold	(1822-88); Victorian poet and critic
	Heidsteck	brand or champagne (wine).
	Roaderer	brand of champagne (wine).
	Montmartre	area of Paris famous for restaurants and the artistic life.
	boite	bar.
	saxophonist	one who plays a military and dance band instrument.
	indomitable	not to be overcome.
	ingenuous	frank,innocent.
45	*milliards*	a thousand millions.
	rapacity	grasping, greed for money.
	Rome	capital city of Italy and one of the most famous cities of the world.
	Florence	town in Tuscany, Italy, famous for its art treasures.
	casino	a gambling house.
	slice of life	experience
	'doing'	touring used ironically.

	lassitude	laziness : lack of interest.
46	*starred*	marked with a star to indicate excellence of accommodation.
	Baedeker	a famous Guide book.
	Philistinism	a word coined by Matthew Arnold who used it to indicate those who did not understand real culture.
	Daily Mail	a well-known English newspaper.
	Venice	sea-port of Italy rich in scenic beauty and art-treasures.
	Torcello	site of ancient cathedral on lagoon near Venice.
	lagoon	a shallow lake especially communicating with the sea.
	mouldering	decaying, crumbling.
	jetty	a projection : a pier.
	wharf	a landing-stage built on a shore for unloading vessels.
	Padua etc.	ancient towns of Italy with places of interest to tourists.
47	*hanker*	to long for : to yearn for.
	insatiably	without being satisfied.
	Ennui	boredom, weariness.
	chronic	lasting a long time; deep-seated (of a disease).
48	*leisured*	having a lot of leisure.
	besetting vice	that most frequently tempts one.
	imperious	haughty, domineering.
	parenthetically	in brackets
	Christian	the hero of the 'Pilgrim's Progress'.
	The Pilgrim's Progress	A book by John Bunyan (1628-88) about a man's journey through life to the after-life.
	problematical	doubtful ; questionable.
	Jerusalem	the holy city of the Muslims, Jews, & Christians now entirely occupied by Israel.

	gout	a disease causing swelling of the foot.
	mortifies	to mortify: to bring the body into subjection through pain or abstention.
49	*desultory*	disconnected, unmethodical.
	armoury	a place where arms are kept ; an arsenal.
	congenital	inborn.
	fastidious	easily disgusted, hard to please.
	mah-jongg	a Chinese game played with small tiles.
	fox-trot	modern dances.
	Dr Johnson	(1709-1784); the great lexicographer and critic, the most prominent literary figure in the England of his day.
	the grapes are sour	this proverb is used when a person tries to overcome his disappointment and on not getting what he wants tries to justify his failure.
50	*promiscuously*	mixed together haphazardly.
	omnivorously	devouring everything.
	mend my ways	to mend one's ways—to improve one's conduct.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Chris Chataway

THERE are some amateur ski-races open only to those who have spent sixty days or less in practising, it being presumably considered that this is the maximum period that any genuine amateur could afford to spend on his recreation.

I have often wished that there were some similar restrictions in athletics. Perhaps an Amateur Athletes' Union could enforce a five-hour training week, with an annual three months lay off. A closed-shop might be introduced, Union cards being withdrawn immediately from those convicted of unfair competition—sneaking out to train more than the approved number of hours in a week, or indulging in illegal running during the lay-off period.

This, alas, is no more than a happy dream. In the past eight or ten years international athletics have undergone a complete change.

In 1951 I gained my first international selection. I was then in my first year at Oxford. I was able, if I wanted, to do as much work as my fellow undergraduates; I could pursue as many other interests; I was able to lead a normal social life, the extent of which was limited more by financial considerations than by the demands of international athletics.

My training which I believed at the time to be near the maximum desirable, consisted of about half an hour on three or four days a week. During the

University vacations I would often go for a month or longer without training at all. Like most of those around me, I was convinced that to do much more would be to run a serious risk of getting stale.

This is not to say that international athletics even then did not demand, at times, every ounce of energy and will-power. In fact, a big race was probably more exhausting to us in physical and nervous effort than it is today to those who are hardened in body and mind by long hours of preparation. I used, however, to run no more than four or five all-out races a year. Racing and training on this scale produced no problem of time in fitting international athletics into an otherwise normal existence. The only problem was one of adjustment—in my case adjusting from the tension and excitement of crowds and racing to the more humdrum task of working by oneself through a University syllabus.

It is unhelpful to say that in my opinion athletics were more enjoyable then than now; but one must realize that to succeed in the sport today is a very different proposition. It would be easy enough to write a hearty, reassuring chapter under this title, along the familiar 'healthy mind in a healthy body', 'play hard, work hard' lines. But it would, I believe, be misleading.

At the risk of offending some who still think of the sport at every level in this way, at the risk even of discouraging a few from taking up international athletics, I will attempt to be more honest.

How much is, in fact, demanded of the international athlete today?

In trying to answer this question, I must rely on my own experience and observation, and my remarks will apply principally to the middle-distance runners. I believe that a comparable amount of effort is demanded from athletes in other spheres, though I cannot be entirely sure. Perhaps the long-distance runner and the field events thrower will need to devote even more time, whereas the demands upon a sprinter or jumper may be slightly smaller.

At the point of greatest enthusiasm in my own athletic career I trained perhaps five times a week for an hour to an hour and a half. This was a far remove from the leisurely schedule of Oxford in 1951. Only a few years ago it was enough to break records and win races; but I have no hesitation in saying that it will be totally inadequate in the future.

Today athletics are for many a full-time occupation. The world's best distance-runners train for four hours, often spread over two training sessions, every day throughout the year. The publicity and prestige attaching to success in international sport mean that, throughout much of the world, business firms, governments, or universities are prepared to finance men whose major preoccupation in life is to run, jump, or throw faster, higher or farther. As in most other gate-drawing sports, the definition of amateurism is therefore difficult to enforce and, as a result of all this, standards have rocketed.

At first glance it might seem that there is no place in athletics today for the man who does not see his life's work on the running track. This is, of course, not so.

in the first place, the majority of athletes are not aiming for the very top. They can derive as much pleasure, as much excitement as ever, from athletics. They follow their career through school, apprenticeship, or university, to the office or the factory. They can, perhaps, fit an hour's training into the week's spare evenings; they can have the thrill of competing with others, the pleasure of meeting a personal challenge and the satisfaction of gradual improvement; for them athletics can still be a leisure-time hobby. They need make no major concessions to the sport. In their pattern of life it is clearly of secondary importance to their work and, on occasions, also perhaps to their gardening, their girl friends, or their other pursuits.

These are—in the strict old-fashioned sense of the word—genuine amateurs. These are the backbone of athletics; with their outlook they will never reach international teams in the future, but they may well derive a great deal more enjoyment from athletics than those who do.

For myself, I realize in looking back that I enjoyed athletics most, when, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, I was running for Walton Athletic Club, or when at Oxford I was competing in College or inter-University sports. If I did well or badly it mattered only to me—the rest of the team did not expect a great deal anyway. There was always another race next week or the week after, when I could try to do better; the races were exciting, but there was none of the grim tension of an international.

The club athlete, then, can enjoy his sport to the utmost, and need find no tremendous difficulty in fitting the necessary training into a life that is full and balanced. He should remember, however, that he cannot hope to pursue the training schedules of an international athlete without making considerable sacrifices in other directions. If he has made up his mind that he is in athletics for a hobby, for spare-time enjoyment, then he should reconcile himself squarely to the fact that he is not going to train like a Pirie, an Ibbotson, or a Kuts, and that he does not therefore expect ever to achieve their results. An indecisive attitude will produce only frustration and disappointment. It is useless to resolve upon a Herculean training schedule in a moment of optimism, to spend a few weeks in running a fanatical quantity of hours a day, then to have one's interest side tracked by other matters and revert to a casual thirty minutes of exercise, undertaken only when the spirit moves. This is wasting time. Improvement only comes through consistent training. It is as well to make up one's mind to do one thing or the other.

NOTES

C.J. Chataway (born in 1930) was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a runner of international fame who achieved a new world record in the 5,000 metres. After his retirement he entered politics and soon reached ministerial rank.

Page		
54	*closed shop*	a trade or profession limited to members of a union.
	union cards	cards issued to members of a union.
	lay-off period	rest period.
55	*humdrum*	ordinary, dull.
56	*field events*	athletic sports other than racing.

	thrower	one who takes part in such events as javelin-throwing.
	sprinter	runner of short distances.
	publicity	advertisement.
	prestige	reputation.
	to finance	to pay for.
	gate drawing	sports which attract a large number of spectators.
58	*Pirie, Ibbotson, Kuts*	international athletes, all of whom held world records.

MY FISHPOND

Stephen Leacock

It lies embowered in a little cup of the hills, my fishing pond. I made a last trip to it just as the season ended, when the autumn leaves of its great trees were turning colour and rustling down to rest upon the still black water. So steep are the banks, so old and high the trees, that scarcely a puff of wind ever ruffles the surface of the pond. All around, it is as if the world were stilled into silence, and time blended into eternity.

I realized again as I looked at the pond what a beautiful, secluded spot it was, how natural its appeal to the heart of the angler. You turn off a country road, go sideways across a meadow and over a hill, and there it lies—a sheet of still water, with high, high banks, grown with great trees. Long years ago someone built a sawmill, all gone now, at the foot of the valley and threw back the water to make a pond, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. At the widest it must be nearly two hundred feet—the most skilful fisherman may make a full cast both ways. At the top end, where it runs narrow among stumps and rushes, there is no room to cast except with direction and great skill.

Let me say at once, so as to keep no mystery about it, that there are no fish in my pond. So far as I know there never have been. But I have never found that to make any difference. Certainly none to the men I bring there—my chance visitors from the outside world—for an afternoon of casting.

If there are no fish in the pond, at least they never know it. They never doubt it; they never ask, and I let it go at that.

It is well known hereabouts that I do not take anybody and everybody out to my fishpond. I only care to invite people who can really fish, who can cast a line—experts, and especially people from a distance to whom the whole neighbourhood is new and attractive, the pond seen for the first time. If I took out ordinary men, especially men near home, they would very likely notice that they got no fish. The expert doesn't. He knows trout fishing too well. He knows that even in a really fine pond, such as he sees mine is, there are days when not a trout will rise. He'll explain it to you himself; and having explained it, he is all the better pleased if he turns out to be right and they don't rise.

Trout, as everyone knows who is an angler, never rise after a rain, nor before one; it is impossible to get them to rise in the heat; and any chill in the air keeps them down. The absolutely right day is a still, cloudy day, but even then there are certain kinds of clouds that prevent a rising of the trout. Indeed, I have only to say to one of my expert friends, "Queer, they didn't bite!" and he's off to a good start with an explanation. There is such a tremendous lot to know about trout fishing that men who are keen on it can discuss theories of fishing by the hour.

Such theories we generally talk over—my guest of the occasion and I—as we make our preparations, at the pond. You see, I keep there all the apparatus that goes with fishing—a punt, with lockers in the sides of it, a neat little dock built out of cedar (cedar attracts the trout), and, best of all, a little shelter house, a quaint little place like a pagoda, close beside the water and yet under the trees. Inside is tackle, all sorts of tackle, hanging round the walls in a mixture of carelessness and order.

"Look, old man," I say, "if you like to try a running paternoster, take this one," or "Have you ever seen these Japanese leads? No, they're not a gut; they're a sort of floss".

"I doubt if I can land one with that," he says.

"Perhaps not," I answer. In fact, I'm sure he couldn't; there isn't any to land.

On pegs in the pagoda hangs a waterproof mackintosh or two, for you never know—you may be caught in a shower just when the trout are starting to rise. Then, of course, a sort of cellarette cupboard with decanters and bottles, and gingersnaps, and perhaps an odd pot of anchovy paste—no one wants to quit good fishing for mere hunger. Nor does any real angler care to begin fishing without taking just a drop (just a touch—be careful! Whoa! Whoa!) of something to keep out the cold, or to wish good luck for the chances of the day.

I always find, when I bring out one of my friends, that these mere preparatives or preparations, these preliminaries of angling, are the best part of it. Often they take half an hour. There is so much to discuss—the question of the weight of tackle, the colour of the fly to use, and broad general questions of theory, such as whether it matters what kind of hat a man wears. It seems that trout will rise for some hats, and for others not. One of my best guests, who has written a whole book on fly fishing, is particularly strong on hats and colour. "I don't think I'd wear that hat, old man," he says; "much too dark for a day like this." "I wore it all last month," I said, "So you might but that was August. I wouldn't wear a dark hat in September; and that tie is too dark a blue, old man."

So I knew that that made it all right. I kept the hat on. We had a grand afternoon; we got no fish.

I admit that the lack of fish in my pond requires sometimes a little tact in management. The guest gets a little restless. So I say to him, "You certainly have the knack of casting!" and he gets so absorbed in casting farther and farther that he forgets the fish. Or I take him towards the upper and he gets his line caught on bulrush—that might be a bite. Or, if he still keeps restless, I say suddenly, "Hush! Was that a fish jumped?" That will silence any true angler instantly. "You stand in the bow," I whisper, "and I'll paddle gently in that direction." It's the whispering that does it. We are still a hundred yards away from any trout that could hear us even if a trout were there. But that makes no difference. Some of the men I take out begin to whisper a mile away from the pond and come home whispering.

You see, after all, what with frogs jumping, and catching the line in bulrushes, or pulling up a waterlogged chip nearly to the top, they don't really know —my guests don't—whether they have hooked something or not. Indeed, after a litte lapse of time, they think they did ; they talk of the "big one they lost"—a thing over which any angler gets sentimental in retrospect. "Do you remember," they say to me months later at our club in the city, "that big trout I lost up on your fishpond last summer ?" "Indeed I do." I say, "Did you ever get him later on ?" "No, never," I answer. (Neither him nor any other.)

Yet the illusion holds good. And besides, you never can tell: there might be trout in the pond. Why not ? After all, why shouldn't there be a trout in the pond ? You take a pond like that and there ought to be trout in it !

Whenever the sight of the pond bursts on the eyes of a new guest he stands entranced. "What a wonderful place for trout !" he exclaims. "Isn't it?" I answer. "No wonder you'd get trout in a pond like that," "No wonder at all." "You don't need to stock it at all, I suppose ?" "Stock it"! I laugh at the idea. Stock a pond like that ! Well, I guess not!

Perhaps one of the best and most alluring touches is fishing out of season—just a day or two after the season has closed. Any fisherman knows how keen is the regret at each expiring season—swallowed up and lost in the glory of the fading autumn. So if a guest turns up just then I say, "I know it's out of season, but I thought you might care to take a run out to the pond anyway and have to look at it." He can't resist. By the time he's in the pagoda and has a couple of small drinks (careful not too much! Whoa! Whoa!) he decides there can be no harm in making a cast or two. "I suppose," he says, "you never have any trouble with the inspectors?" "Oh, no", I answer: "they never think of troubling me." And with that we settle down to an afternoon of it. "I'm glad," says the guest, at the end, "that they weren't rising. After all, we had just the same fun as if they were."

That's it: illusion! How much of life is like that! It's the idea of the thing that counts, not the reality. You don't need fish for fishing, any more than you need partridge for partridge shooting, or gold for gold mining. Just the illusion or expectation.

So I am going back now to the city and to my club, where we shall fish all winter, hooking up big ones, cut losing the ones bigger still, hooking two trout at one throw—three at a throw! and for me, behind it all, the memory of my fishing pond darkening under the falling leaves . . . At least it has made my friends happy.

NOTES

Stephen Leacock, (1869-1944), was a political economist but he is better known as a writer of humorous stories, among which are *Nonsense Novels*, *Frenzied Fiction* and *Winsome Winnie*.

Page		
60	*a full cast*	to throw a fishing-line as far as it will go.
61	*casting*	throwing a fishing line.
	trout	a river fish.
	rise	when the fish comes to the surface.
	to get a good start	to begin beforehand.

	by the hour	for long stretches of time.
62	*punt*	small shallow boat.
	dock	a place where boats are tied up.
	cedar	hard wood used for building purposes.
	pagoda	Chinese Tower.
	tackle	equipment for fishing:
	paternoster	a Christian prayer.
	Japanese leads	a part of fisherman's equipment.
	gut	material for fishing-lines.
	floss	rough silk.
	cellarette	case for keeping wine bottles.
	decanters	glass bottles to contain wine.
	gingersnaps	biscuits made of ginger.
	anchovy	small fish of herring family.
	just a touch ...Whoa !	"Only a little please. . . That's enough !"
	whoa !	
	knack	special skill.
	bulrush	tall plant that grows on the water's edge.
	bow	front of boat.
64	*waterlogged*	soaked with water.
	to stock	to fill empty pond with fish for breeding purposes.
	alluring	attractive.

ARE WOMEN HUMAN?

Dorothy L. Sayers

Now, it is frequently asserted that, with women the job does not come first. What, people cry, are women doing with this liberty of theirs? What woman really prefers a job to a home and family? Very few, I admit. It is unfortunate that they should so often have to make the choice. A man does not, as a rule, have to choose. He gets both. In fact, if he wants the home and family, he usually has to take the job as well, if he can get it. Nevertheless, there have been women, such as Queen Elizabeth and Florence Nightingale, who had the choice, and chose the job and made a success of it. And there have been and are many men who have sacrificed their careers for women—sometimes, like Anthony or Parnell, very disastrously. When it comes to a choice, then every man or woman has to choose as an individual human being, and like a human being, take the consequences.

As human beings! I am always entertained—and also irritated—by the newsmongers who inform us, with a bright air of discovery, that they have questioned a number of female workers and been told by one and all that they are "sick of the office and would love to get out of it." In the name of God, what human being is not, from time to time, heartily sick of the office and would not love to get out of it? The time of female office-workers is daily wasted in sympathising with disgruntled male colleagues who yearn to get out of the office. No human being likes work—not day in and day out. Work is notoriously a curse—and if women liked everlasting work they would not be human beings at all. Being human beings, they like work just as much and just as little as anybody else. They dislike perpetual washing and cooking just as much as perpetual typing and standing behind shop counters. Some of them prefer typing to scrubbing—but that does not mean that they are not, as human beings, entitled to damn and blast the typewriter when they feel that way. The number of men who daily damn and blast typewriters is incalculable; but that does not mean that they would be happier doing a little plain sewing. Nor would the women.

I have admitted that there are very few women who would put their job before every earthly consideration. I will go further and assert that there are very few men who would do it either. In fact, there is perhaps only one human being in a thousand who is passionately interested in his job for the job's sake. The difference is that if that one person in a thousand is a man, we say, simply, that he is passionately keen on his job ; if she is a woman,we say she is a freak. It is extraordinarily entertaining to watch the historians of the past,for instance, entangling themselves inwhat they were pleased to call the "problem" of Queen Elizabeth. They invented the most complicated and astonishing reasons both for her success as a sovereign and for her tortuous matrimonial policy. She was the tool of Burleigh, she was the tool of Leicester, she was the tool of Essex ; she was diseased, she was deformed she was a man in disguise. She was a mystery, and must have some extraordinary solution. Only recently has it occurred to a few enlightened people that the solution might be quite simple after all. She might be one of the rare people who were born into the right job and put that job first. Whereupon a whole series of riddles cleared themselves up by magic. She was in love with Leicester—why didn't she marry him? Well, for the very same reason that numberless kings have not married their lovers—because it would have thrown a spanner into the wheels of the State machine. Why was she so bloodthirsty and unfeminine as to sign the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots? For much the same reasons that induced King George V to say that if the House of Lords did not pass the Parliament Bill he would create enough new peers to force it through—because he was, in the measure of her time, a constitutional sovereign, and knew that there was a point beyond which a sovereign could not defy Parliament. Being a rare human being with her eye to the job, she did what was necessary ; being an ordinary human being, she hesitated a good deal before embarking on unsavoury measures—but as to feminine mystery, there is no such thing about it, and nobody, had she been a man, would have thought either her statesmanship or her humanity in any way mysterious. Remarkable they were—but she was a very remarkable person. Among her most remarkable achievements was that of showing that sovereignty was one of the jobs for which the right kind of woman was particularly well fitted.

NOTES

Dorothy Sayers (1893—) brought wit and scholarship to the writing of detective novels. The character of her amateur investigator has become a model for many other writers. *'The Nine Tailors'* and *'Gaudy Night'*, are two of her best known books.

Page		
	Florence Nightingale	(1820-1910); famous for her work as a nurse and emancipator of women.
	Anthony	Mark Anthony—Roman general, friend of Caesar, lover of Cleopatra.
	Parnell	(1846-91); Irish statesman who struggled to achieve Home Rule for Ireland. His political career was ruined because he married a divorced woman.
68	*damn and blast*	to curse.
	tortuous	crooked, not straight-forward.
	Burleigh	chief minister to Queen Elizabeth I.
	Leicester	Earl of Leicester, favourite of Queen Elizabeth I.
	Essex	Earl of Essex, also a favourite of Queen Elizabeth.
69	*to throw a spanner*	to introduce an upsetting element.
	Mary Queen of Scots	(1542-87); Daughter of James V of Scotland. Imprisoned by Elizabeth and finally beheaded by her.
	unsavoury	unpleasant.

An Extract from :

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

Virginia Woolf

STILL, it was true. They were happier now than they would ever be again. A tenpenny tea-set made Cam happy for days. She heard them stamping and crowing on the floor above her head the moment they woke. They came bustling along the passage. Then the door sprang open and in they came, fresh as roses, staring, wide awake, as if this coming into the dining-room after breakfast, which they did every day of their lives, was a positive event to them ; and so on, with one thing after another, all day long, until she went up to say good night to them, and found them netted in their cots like birds among cherries and raspberries still making up stories about some little bit of rubbish—something they had heard, something they had picked up in the garden. They had all their little treasures...And so she went down and said to her husband, why must they grow up and lose it all? Never will they be so happy again. And he was angry. Why take such a gloomy view of life ? he said. It is not sensible. For it was odd ; and she believed it to be true ; that with all his gloom and desperation he was happier, more hopeful on the whole, than she was. Less exposed to human worries—perhaps that was it. He had always his work to fall back on. Not that she herself was 'pessimistic', as he accused her of being. Only she thought life- and a little strip of time presented itself to her eyes, her fifty years. There it was before her—life. Life : she thought but she did not finish her thought. She took a look at life, for she had a clear sense of it there, something real, something private, which she shared neither with her children nor with her husband. A sort, of transaction went on between them, in which she was on one side, and life was on another, and she was always trying to get the better of it, as it was of her; and sometimes they parleyed (when she sat alone) ; there were, she remembered, great reconciliation scenes ; but for the most part, oddly enough, she must admit that she felt this thing that she called life terrible, hostile, and quick to pounce on you if you gave it a chance. There were the eternal problems ; suffering ; death ; the poor. There was always a woman dying of cancer even here. And yet she had said to all these children, You shall go through with it. To eight people she had said relentlessly that (and the bill for the greenhouse would be fifty pounds). For that reason, knowing what was before them—love and ambition and being wretched alone in dreary places—she had often the feeling why must they grow up and lose it all? And then she said to herself, brandishing her sword at life, nonsense. They will be perfectly happy.

NOTES

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), an English writer, made an original contribution to the form of the novel and was one of the most distinguished critics of her time.

Page		
71	***tenpenny***	**ten small coins indicating a low price.**

crowing	a young child's happy cry.
netted	trees covered with nets to protect the fruit from birds.
to get the better of	to outwit, to defeat.
parleyed	discussed.
brandishing	waving about, flourishing.

LANDLORDS AND INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYERS

G. B. Shaw

YOU know what a popular agitation means. It means a little reasoning and a great deal of abuse of the other side. Before 1832 the employers did not confine themselves to pointing out the absurdity of allowing a couple of cottages owned by a country aristocrat to send a member to Parliament when the city of Birmingham was not represented there. Most people thought it quite natural that great folk should have great privileges, and cared nothing about Birmingham, which they had heard of only as a dirty place, where most of the bad pennies (Brummagem buttons) came from. The employers therefore stirred up public feeling against the landed gentry by exposing all their misdeeds: their driving of whole populations out of the country to make room for sheep or deer; their ruthless enforcement of the Game Laws, under which men were transported with the worst felons for poaching a few hares or pheasants; the horrible condition of the labourers' cottages on their estates; the miserable wages they paid; their bigoted persecution of Nonconformists not only by refusing to allow any places of worship except those of the Church of England to be built on their estates, but by nominating to the Church livings such clergymen as could be depended on to teach the children in the village schools that all Dissenters were disgraced in this world and damned in the next; their equally bigoted boycotting of any shopkeeper who dared to vote against their candidates at elections; with all the other tyrannies which in those days made it a common saying, even among men of business, that 'the displeasures of a lord is a sentence of death'. By harping on these grievances the employers at last embittered public opinion against the squires to such a pitch that the fear of a repetition in England of the French Revolution broke down the opposition to the Reform Bill. The employers, after própitiating King William IV by paying his debts, were able to force Parliament to pass the Bill; and that event inaugurated the purse proud reign of the English middle class under Queen Victoria.

Naturally the squires were not disposed to take this defeat lying down. They revenged themselves by taking up Lord Shaftesbury's agitation for the Factory Acts, and shewing that the employer's little finger was thicker than the country gentleman's loins; that the condition of the factory employees was worse than that of the slaves on the American and West Indian plantations; that the worst cottages of the worst landlords had at least fresher air than the overcrowded slums of the manufacturing towns; that if the employers did not care whether their 'hands' were Church of England or Methodist, neither did they care whether they were Methodists or Atheists, because they had no God but Mammon: that if they did not persecute politically it was only because the hands had no votes; that they persecuted industrially as hard as they could by imprisoning Trade Unionists; and that the personal and often kindly relations between the peasantry and the landlords, the training in good manners and decent house-keeping traditions learnt by the women in domestic service in the country houses, the kindnesses shewn to the old and sick on the great estates, were all lost in the squalor and misery, the brutality and blasphemy, the incestuous overcrowding, and the terrible dirt epidemics in the mining and factory populations where English life was what the employer's greed had made it.

All this, enough quite true, was merely the pot again calling the kettle black ; for the country gentlemen did not refuse the dividends made for them by the employers in the mines and factories, nor refuse to let factories and slums be built all over their estates in Lancashire ; nor did the employers, when they had made fortunes, hesitate to buy country estates and 'found families', to be brought up in the strictest country traditions, nor to disparage trade as vulgar when the generation that remembered what their grandfathers were had died out. But the quarrel between them explains how it was that when Parliament consisted exclusively of landlords and capitalist employers or their nominees, and the proletariat had no votes, yet the Factory Acts got passed. The acts were the revenge of the squires for the Reform Act.

NOTES

George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950) was the most important British comic dramatist since Congreve. He was a master alike in dramatic and nondramatic prose.

Page		
74	*bad pennies*	false coins.
	Brummagem buttons	Birmingham buttons (slang for false coins).

Game Laws	Laws regulating the killing and preservation of wild birds.
transported	exiled.
felons	thieves.
poaching	stealing fish or game.
bigoted	narrow-minded.
Non-conformist	one who dissents from the Church of England.
livings	jobs in the Church.
Dissenters	non-conformist sect.
in the next (world)	in the after-life.
boycotting	punishing by refraining from social or business relations.
75 *harping on*	dwelling tediously on one subject.
squires	landlords.
such a pitch	such an extent.
Reform Bill	Act of Parliament of 1832 extending representation.
purse proud	puffed up by wealth.
Lord Shaftesbury	19th century reformer particularly of working conditions in factories.
thicker than. . . loins	of greater strength.
hands	workers.
Mammon	God of Wealth.
squalor	dirt and poverty.
incestuous	immoral conduct brought about by overcrowding.
the pot calling the kettle black	one bad person calling another bad person bad.
disparage	speak slightingly of.
proletariat	working-men ; labouring classes

HOW TO LIVE LONG ?

E. V. Knox ('*Evoe*')

How, indeed ?

I had a strong inclination at the present crisis, considering the threatened deficit in the National Budget and the difficulty of obtaining even a small private loan from a personal friend, to alter the subject of this article and entitle it 'How to Live Short'? But I have my duty to the public to consider, and the public, for some reason or other, wishes to know how I have secured my present longevity (I am well over forty years old), and how (touching wood and keeping clear of the live rail on the Electric Underground) I intend to retain it. Let us away then.

A Careful Dietary Programme

The golden rule of my life has been moderation and not excess. I eat and drink all that I require and nothing more. When I have finished eating I stop. When I want some more I go on again. I follow the same practice in regard to drinking. The only exception I make to this rule of moderation is in the case of greed, or a peculiarly agreeable sensation caused by what I am drinking. In these cases, I eat and drink more.

I avoid tapioca pudding, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, and hake. Otherwise my main occupation is to see that, whatever may be going, I get enough of it. Plenty of red meat, green vegetables, white or brown bread, yellow butter, chocolate-coloured chocolates, pudding-coloured puddings, and pink ice-cream supply me with all the essential vitamins I require and often leave some over for a friend. I confine my meals entirely to my waking hours, holding that the body can be sufficiently maintained during slumber without food, though a tin box of sugared biscuits with a picture of King Edward VII on the lid stands ever ready by my bed-side in case I should happen to wake suddenly during the night.

The absorption of an undue quantity of any plain food I consider to be a vast mistake. Five muffins are enough for any man at any one meals, and the breast and wing of a chicken should suffice without attacking the fibrous legs. Very different, however, is the case of pate de foie gras, sandwiches, oysters, and meringues. I cannot eat too many of these. I make it, therefore, my rule to consume very limited quantities of plain food in order to leave as much room as possible for delicacies. I seldom drink anything but wine, spirits, beer, tea, coffee, or cocoa during a meal. If I drink anything at all between meals it is a glass of plain mineral water liberally diluted with a little good whisky, when this can be obtained.

By following this programme closely I find that I avoid suffering from either famine or drought. When I feel myself too much over-nourished to care to walk, I summon a taxicab. I have no liking for barley-water, and seldom eat coke.

Smoking and Exercise

I do not smoke to excess; few people in my experience do. A pipe now and then, a cigar here and there, a cigarette at intervals—these are all that I allow myself and not even these at the theatre, in church, in the reading-room of the British Museum or the lifts on the Tube. I find that smoking to this extent and in this manner does not injure the wind unless one runs or climbs a high flight of stairs. On a moving staircase, however, I find I can smoke without the slightest injury to my health, invariably retaining the ash on my cigar whilst I dismount.

Exercise is a fetish with many writers on health and longevity. Personally I find that the best rule is to take exercise when one feels inclined to take it, and never at any other times. If the desire for exercise is strong, I throw aside all engagements, whether they be those of society or business, and take it. Little good can come of regular exercise which reduces life to a monotonous machine. On the other hand, when the call of the wild comes to me, wherever I may happen to be it is my practice to follow it. On the Underground Railway for instance, if I am told to pass down the car and feel the need of healthy exercise, I step lightly and swiftly on the ball of the foot, bracing the muscles of the calves and raising each knee as nearly as possible to the chin. Swedish exercises may be similarly indulged in during an At Home or at the office, when the impulse seizes. If this simple practice were followed there would not be so many men about today who consider themselves healthy but in point of fact are little better than martyrs of golf. Cold baths are another fetish. Rising from my bed, I do not instantly plunge into a cold tub. Rising from my bed, I plunge instantly into the cold air, and then go up to the bathroom to get warm again. This in itself is sufficient exercise for an ordinary winter day.

The Peril of Overstrain

In my business hours I avoid fatigue. I do this by not doing too much work—the only trustworthy recipe. When I feel that I am working too hard I stop for a little while and read a book and talk to somebody, or buy a paper at the corner. Thousands of men are living long in England at the present moment who adopt this rational plan, and but for it, in the hurry and strain of modern existence, would in all probability have expired. When I have avoided fatigue long enough I begin working again, unless it is now time for another meal.

There should be moderation also in pleasure. Not more than half a dozen dinner-parties, dances, theatres, cinemas, whist-drives, or ping-pong tournaments should be attended in a single week, and I attribute a great part of my longevity to spending my spare evenings in spotting tomorrow's winners, either on the strength of the photographs of the horses or on the sound of their names. Up to the moment of writing I haven't found that my longevity has been much interfered with by my practice of riding in a motor-car. But one never knows.

Sleep is another important consideration. I do not find that I keep my health if I sleep for more than fifteen hours or less than four. I am referring now to sleep at night-time. I find that if I sleep for more than fifteen hours I have missed a meal, and this weakens tissues, lowers the vitality, loosens the cardiac follicles, and infuriates the vitamins. On the other hand, if I sleep for less than four hours, I go to sleep again as soon as the tea-tray comes in. There is nothing nastier than cold tea. During the daytime 1 rarely sleep, except in trains or for a few moments after lunch at the club.

Over-excitement and boredom are states of mind which I equally shun, the first by never allowing myself to get over-excited, and the second by never allowing myself to feel bored. In whatever company I find myself I hold forth affably and agreeably to the company assembled. When other people begin talking I go away.

My life, then, follows a calm, unruffled routine, varied only by an occasional headache and feeling of fullness or a twinge of gout in the toes ; and I am often tempted or wonder whether any of my exact contemporaries, however carefully he may diet himself, has up to the present moment lived longer than I.

NOTES

E.V. Knox (born 1881), had written for the famous English Journal *'Punch'* under the pen name of *"Evoe"*. He is a writer of a distinct humorous style.

Page		
78	*longevity*	long life.
	to touch wood	superstition to ward off ill luck.
	live rail	electrified railway line.
	tapioca pudding	sago pudding.
	parsnips	root vegetables.
	Jerusalem artichokes	green variety of the vegetable artichoke—a kind of sunflowers with a tuber that is cooked as a vegetable.

	hake	a kind of fish.
	muffins	a variety of hot biscuits.
	fibrous	wiry, tough.
	pate de foie gras	a liver paste.
	oysters	shell-fish.
	meringues	sweet-meats made from white of egg.
	diluted	mixed.
	barley-water	drink made from barley for invalids.
	coke	half-burnt coal.
80	*the wind*	stamina ; the breath.
	moving staircase	escalator : a staircase that moves by machinery.
	fetish	a passion
	the call of the wild	natural urge.
	to pass down the car	to move down the train.
	bracing	tightening.
	calves	back parts of the legs.
	Swedish exercises	drill.
	an At Home	reception ; large party.
	whist-drives	a party for whist (a card-game).
	tissues	substance in the body formed of cells.
	cardiac follicles	small sacs in the heart.
82	*to hold forth*	to talk at length on one subject in a friendly manner.

STEAMBOAT A-COMIN!

Mark Twain

Once a day cheap, a gaudy packet arrived upward from St. Louis, and another downward from Keokuk. Before these events, the day was glorious with expectancy; after them, the day was a dead and empty thing. Not only the boys, but the whole village, felt this. After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the walls, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in watermelon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the "levee"; a pile of "skids" on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forest away on the other side; the "point" above the town, and the "point" below, bounding the river-glimpse and rurning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one. Presently a film of dark smoke appears above one of those remote "points"; instantly a negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin!" and the scene changes! The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows, every house and store pours out a human contribution, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common centre, the wharf. Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat is rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and "gingerbread," perched on top of the "texas" deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the boiler-deck, the hurricane-deck, and the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings; there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely: the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys—a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecastle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with! Ten minutes later the steamer is under way again, with no flag on the jack-staff and no black smoke issuing from the chimneys. After ten more minutes the town is dead again, and the town drunkard asleep by the skids once more.

NOTES

Mark Twain (1835-1910) is the pen-name of Samuel Clemens. He is an American humorous writer who was brought up near the river Mississippi, scene of his best books such as *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*.

Page		
84	*packet*	mail boat.
	St. Louis *Keokuk*	towns in U.S.A. on the river Mississippi.
	splint-bottomed chairs	chairs with seats of basket work.
	shingle	small strips of wood used as roof-tile.
	loafing	idling.
	" *levee*"	embankment against river floods.
	"*skias*"	pieces of timber used as supports.
	flats	flat-bottomed boats.
	"*point*"	small promontory.
85	*drayman*	carter.
	prodigious	enormous.
	in a twiukling	in a second.
	device	drawing, design, figure.
	pilot-house	enclosed structure containing steering wheel and compass.

	"ginger bread"	gilded shapes.
	"texas" deck	upper structure of the steam-boat.
	paddle-boxes	covers of the wheel used to propel the boat.
	boiler-deck	lower-deck.
	hurricane-deck	upper deck.
	a husbanded grandeur	a stored-up display.
	forecastle	forward part of a ship.
	port-bow	left end of a boat.
	pent	confined.
	gauge—cock	instrument for measuring power of the boiler.
86	*freight*	cargo.
	facilitate	make easy.
	mates	ship's officer.

ABOUT BATHROOMS

Sir Alan Patrick Herbert

Of all the beautiful things which are to be seen in shop windows perhaps the most beautiful are those luxurious baths in white enamel, hedged round with attachments and conveniences in burnished metal. Whenever I see one of them I stand and covet it for a long time. Yet even these super-baths fall far short of what a bath should be; and as for the perfect bathroom, I question if anyone has even imagined it.

The whole attitude of modern civilization to the bathroom is wrong. Why, for one thing, is it always the smallest and barest room in the house? The Romans understood these things; we don't. I have never yet been in a bathroom which was big enough to do my exercises in without either breaking the light or barking my knuckles against a wall. It ought to be a big room and opulently furnished. There ought to be pictures in it, so that one could lie back and contemplate them—a picture of troops going up to the trenches, and another picture of a windy day and with some snow in it. Then one would really enjoy one's baths.

And there ought to be rich rugs in it and profound chairs; one would walk about in bare feet on the rich rugs while the bath was running; and one would sit in the profound chairs while drying the ears.

The fact is, a bathroom ought to be equipped for comfort, like a drawing-room, a good, full, velvety room; and as things are it is solely equipped for singing. In the drawing-room where we want to sing, we put so many curtains and carpets and things that most of us can't sing at all—and then we wonder that there is no music in England. Nothing is more maddening than to hear several men refusing to join in a simple chorus after dinner, when you know perfectly well that every one of them has been singing in a high tenor in his bath before dinner. We all know the reason, but we don't take the obvious remedy. The only thing to do is to take all the furniture out of the drawing-room and put it in the bathroom—all except the piano and a few cane chairs. Then we shouldn't have those terrible noises in the morning, and in the evening everybody would be a singer. I suppose that is what they do in Wales.

But if we cannot make the bathroom what it ought to be, the supreme and perfect shrine of the supreme moment of the day, the one spot in the house on which no expense or trouble is spared, we can at least bring the bath itself up to date. I don't now, as I did, lay much stress on having a bath with fifteen taps. I once stayed in a house with a bath like that. There was a hot tap and a cold tap, and hot sea-water and cold sea-water, and PLUNGE and SPRAY and SHOWER and WAVE and FLOOD and one or two more. To turn on the top tap you had to stand on a step-ladder, and they were all very highly polished. I was naturally excited by this, and an hour before it was time to dress for dinner I *slunk* upstairs and hurried into the bathroom and locked myself in and turned on all the taps at once. It was strangely disappointing. The sea-water was mythical. Many of the taps refused to function at the same time as any other, and the only two which were really effective were WAVE and FLOOD. WAVE shot out a thin jet of boiling water which caught me in the chest, and FLOOD filled the bath with cold water long before it could be identified and turned off.

No, taps are not of the first importance, though, properly polished, they look well. But no bath is complete without one of those attractive bridges or trays where one puts the sponges and the soap. Conveniences like that are a direct stimulus to washing. The first time I met one I washed myself all over two or three times simply to make the most of knowing where the soap was. Now and then, in fact, in a sort of bravado I deliberately lost it, so as to be able to catch it again and put it back in full view on the tray. You can also rest your feet on the tray when you are washing them, and so avoid cramp.

Again, I like a bathroom where there is an electric bell just above the bath, which you can ring with the big toe. This is for use when one has gone to sleep in the bath and the water has frozen, or when one has begun to commit suicide and thought better of it. Apart from these two occasions it can be used for morsing instructions about breakfast to the cook —supposing you have a cook. And if you haven't a cook a little bell-ringing in the basement does no harm.

But the most extraordinary thing about the modern bath is that there is no provision for shaving in it. Shaving in the bath I regard as the last word in systematic luxury. But in the ordinary bath it is very difficult. There is nowhere to put anything. There ought to be a kind of shaving tray attached to every bath, which you could swing in on a flexible arm, complete with mirror and soap and strop, new blades and shaving-papers and all the other confounded paraphernalia. Then, I think, shaving would be almost tolerable, and there wouldn't be so many of these horrible beards about.

The same applies to smoking. It is incredible that today in the twentieth century there should be no recognized way of disposing of a cigarette-end in the bath. Personally, I only smoke pipes in the bath, but it is impossible to find a place in which to deposit even a pipe so that it will not roll off into the water. But I have a brother-in-law who smokes cigars in the bath, a disgusting habit. I have often wondered where he hid the ends, and I find now he has made a cache of them in the gas-ring in the geyser. One day the ash will get into the burners and then the geysers will explode.

Next door to the shaving and smoking tray should be the book-rest. I don't myself do much reading in the bath, but I have several sisters-in-law who come to stay, and they all do it. Few things make the leaves of a book stick together so easily as being dropped in a hot bath, so they had better have a book-rest ; and if they go to sleep I shall set in motion my emergency waste mechanism, by which the bath can be emptied in malice from outside.

Another of my inventions is the Progress Indicator. It works like the indicators outside lifts, which show where the lift is and what it is doing. My machine shows what stage the man inside has reached the washing stage or the merely wallowing stage, or the drying stage, or the exercises stage. It shows you at a glance whether it is worth while going back to bed or whether it is time to dig yourself in on the mat. The machine is specially suitable to hotels and large country houses where you can't find out by hammering on the door and asking, because nobody takes any notice.

When you have properly fitted out the bathroom on these lines all that remains is to put the telephone in and have your meals there; or rather to have your meals there and not put the telephone in. It must still remain the one room where a man is safe from that.

NOTES

A.P. Herbert (born 1890), a Member of Parliament, is a writer of novels, essays and comic operas. He wrote a great deal for the humorous English magazine '*Punch*'. The essay is from the selection *Light Articles Only*.

Page		
88	*barking my knuckles*	to bark one's knuckles means to graze the skin off one's fingers.
	troops going upto the trenches	a reference to World War I where the fighting was mainly confined to trenches.
89	*tenor*	highest male voice.
	in Wales	the Welsh are musically talented and fond of singing.
	to dress for dinner	upper-class English habit of changing into evening clothes for the evening meal.

90	*mythical*	purely fictional, hence non-existent.
91	*paraphernalia*	mechanical aids.
	cache	hiding-place (for treasure, ammunition).
	in malice	spitefully, mischievously.
92	*wallowing*	rolling in mud or water.
	to dig yourself in	to entrench yourself (here used metaphorically).

ON NOT ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE

William Plomer

IF, at the end of a conversation, somebody says to me, 'As soon as I know, I'll ring you up', he is taking too much for granted. He is proposing to attempt the impossible. So I have to say, 'I'm afraid you can't. You see, I'm not on the telephone. I just haven't got a telephone.'

Reactions to this are various. Some people say, 'Oh, but you must have a telephone!' as if they thought I had mislaid it somewhere, or forgotten about it. Some people say, 'How terribly inconvenient! How can you do without a telephone?' And some say, 'Oh, you wise man, how I envy you!' But the usual reaction is astonishment, and although I regard myself as a quiet, conventional sort of character, I find myself being stared at as a wild or wilful eccentric, especially when somebody says, 'Well, if I can't ring you up, perhaps you'll ring me up', and I reply, 'Perhaps; but I'm more likely to write to you'.

Why don't I have a telephone? Not because I pretend to be wise or pose as unusual. There are two chief reasons: because I don't really like the telephone and because I find I can still work and play, eat, breathe and sleep without it. Why don't I like the telephone? Because I think it is a pest and a time-waster. It may create unnecessary suspense and anxiety, as when you wait for an expected call that doesn't come; or irritating delay, as when you keep ringing a number that is always engaged. As for speaking in a public telephone box, that seems to me really horrible. You would not use it unless you were in a hurry, and because you are in a hurry you will find other people waiting before you. when you do get into the box, you are half asphyxiated by stale unventilated air, flavoured with cheap face-powder and chain smoking; and by the time you have begun your conversation your back is chilled by the cold looks of somebody who is fidgeting to take your place.

If you have a telephone in your own house, you will admit that it tends to ring when you least want it to ring— ring you are asleep, or in the middle of a meal or a conversation, or when you are just going out, or when you are in your bath. Are you strong minded enough to ignore it, to say to yourself, 'Ah, well, it will all be the same in a hundred years' time?' You think there may be some important news or message for you. Have you never rushed dripping from the bath, or chewing from the table, or dazed from the bed, only to be told that you are wrong number? You were told the truth. In my opinion all telephone numbers are wrong numbers. If, of course, your telephone rings and you decide not to answer it, then you will have to listen to an idiotic bell ringing and ringing in what is supposed to be the privacy of your own house. You might as well buy a bicycle bell and ring it yourself.

Suppose you ignore the telephone when it rings, and suppose that, for once, somebody has an important message for you. I can assure you that if a message is really important it will reach you sooner or later. Think of the proverb: 'Ill news travels apace'. I must say good news seems to travel just as fast. And think of the saying: 'The truth will out'. It will. But suppose you answer the telephone when it rings. If, when you take off the receiver, you say, 'Hullo!', just think how absurd that is. Why, you might be saying 'Hullo' to a total stranger, a thing you would certainly think twice about before doing in public, if you were English.

But perhaps, when you take off the receiver, you give your number or your name. But you don't even know whom you are giving it to! Perhaps you have been indiscreet enough to have your name and number printed in the telephone directory, a book with a large circulation, a successful book so often reprinted as to make any author envious, a book more in evidence than Shakespeare or the Bible, and found in all sorts of private and public places. By your self-advertisement you have enabled any stranger, bore, intruder, or criminal to engage you in conversation at a moment's notice in what ought to be the privacy of your own home. It serves you right if you find it impossible to escape from some idle or inquisitive chatterbox, or from somebody who wants something for nothing, or from some reporter bent on questioning you about your own affairs or about the private life of some friend who has just eloped or met with a fatal accident.

But, you will say, you need not have your name printed in the telephone directory, and you can have a telephone which is only usable for outgoing calls. Besides, you will say, isn't it important to have a telephone in case of sudden emergency—illness, accident, or fire? Of course, you are right, but here in a thickly populated country like England one is seldom far from a telephone in case of dreadful necessity. All the same, I felt an instant sympathy with a well-known actor whom I heard on the radio the other day. He was asked: 'Suppose you were left alone to live on a desert island, and you were allowed to take just one luxury with you, what would you choose?' 'I would take a telephone,' he said, 'and I would push the wire into the sand' and my greatest pleasure would be to sit and look at it, and to think: "It will never ring and I shall never have to answer it."'

If, like me, one is without a telephone, somebody is sure to say, 'Oh, but don't you find you have to write an awful lot of letters?' The answer to that is, 'Yes, but I should have to write an awful lot of letters anyway'. This may bring the remark, 'Ah well, if you don't have a telephone, at least you must have a typewriter'. And the answer to that is 'No'.

'What, no telephone and no typewriter! Do please explain why.' Well, I am a professional man of letters, and when I was younger I thought a typewriter would be convenient. I even thought it was necessary, and that editors and publishers would expect anything sent to them to be typewritten. So I bought myself a typewriter and taught myself to type, and for some years I typed away busily. But I did not enjoy typing. I happen to enjoy the act of writing. I enjoy forming letters or words with a pen, and I never could enjoy tapping the keys of a typewriter. There again, there was a bell. And the fact is, I am not mechanically minded, and the typewriter is a machine. I have never been really drawn to machines. I don't like oiling, cleaning or mending them. I do not enjoy making them work. To control them gives me no sense of power—or not the kind of power that I find interesting. And machines do not like me. When I touch them they tend to break down, get jammed, catch fire, or blow up.

As with telephones and typewriters, so with cars. I obtained my first driving licence in South Africa at the age of seventeen, having been taught to drive in the rush hours in the middle of the busy city of Johannesburg. I needed the car for use in another part of Africa where in those days there was hardly any motor traffic. The actual process of driving soon became automatic, and my sole idea was to get from one place to another as soon as possible. I therefore drove fast, and within a week or two the speedometer was broken. I never had it mended. I was not a reckless driver, I did not lose control of the car, even on rocky or sandy tracks or driving with chains through deep mud. I never killed or injured anybody. But I was bored, and if circumstances had allowed I should have preferred to walk. Nowadays, living in an over-crowded country where traffic is continuously on the increase and often congested, and where driving is controlled by a great many rules and regulations, I feel no temptation whatever to drive a car.

But, you may say, am I not aware that we are living in a machine age? Am I trying to put the clock back? Am I an escapist, a crank, a simple-lifer? Not at all. It is a matter of preferences, not principle, that I choose, as far as possible, to do without these things a telephone, a typewriter, and a car.

If other people are willing—and they seem entirely willing and even eager to make and use these machines for my benefit, I am not less willing to let them do so. I am perfectly ready to pay to be driven about in trains, cars, or aircraft, to take lifts instead of walking upstairs, and to use moving staircases instead of unmoving ones. But I do not wish to be dominated by machines. I do not want to oil them, mend them, or clean them. I do not want to feed a typewriter with sheets of paper, to lose the use of my legs by travelling always by car, or to be summoned, with or without warning, by the telephone.

Is there any conclusion to be drawn from my obstinacy and wilfulness, my escapism, if you like to call it that? I think perhaps I had better try to justify myself by trying to prove that what I like is good. At least I have proved to myself that what many people think necessary is not necessary at all. I admit that in different circumstances—if I were a tycoon, for instance, or bedridden—I might find a telephone essential. But then if I were a secretary or taxi-driver I should find a typewriter or a car essential. Let me put it another way : there are two things for which the English seem to show particular aptitude : one is mechanical invention, the other is literature. My own business happens to be with the use of words—but I see I must now stop using them. I have just been handed a slip of paper to say that somebody is waiting to speak to me on the telephone. I think I had better answer it. After all, one never knows, it may be something important.

NOTES

William Plomer is another English writer like Boothroyd,

who wrote broadcast articles for *The Listener*.

Page		
94	*eccentric*	odd, whimsical.
	pest	irritation.
95	*asphyxiated*	suffocated.
	chain-smoking	smoking by lighting a new cigarette from the finished one.
	ill news	bad news.
96	*apace*	very fast.
	if you were English	the English are commonly supposed to be reserved.
97	*man of letters*	writer.
	to be drawn to	to be attracted to.
98	*rush hours*	hours when traffic is busiest.
	tracks	minor roads with a rough surface.
	to drive with chains	to wind chains around the wheels to prevent skidding.
	to put the clock back	to try to undo changes that have already taken place.
	escapist	one who wishes to run away from reality.
	crank	an odd person.
	simple-lifer	one who believes in living simply.
99	*tycoon*	business magnate.
	bedridden	confined to bed through illness.

THE SPANISH BULLFIGHT

Alistair Cooke

A CURVING patch of sunshine lies across the sand on the east side of the bullring : the Plaza de Toros in Madrid. All the rest of the circle is in shadow. In the middle of the ring are two giant bottles, one for vermouth, another for brandy, each about two or three times the height of a man. They look like figures representing gluttonly in a medieval morality play, and you expect ladies in wimples to appear and clowns dressed like formations of gymnasts at a Soviet youth rally. If this was 500 years ago this is the way the Middle Ages might have done advertising.

But now the big clock is at five minutes to six, and little men in berets and raincoats appear (the sky is building up some fine ramparts of thunderheads). They lift the letters and carry them off like stretchers. And suddenly the two bottles begin to walk and patter off through a side gate, and the 20,000 people who are standing in the most steeply tiered stadium in the world begin to compose themselves on their little cushions, or take out field glasses, or give their distant friends a final wave of recognition, in the curious Spanish fashion, with the back of the hand being tossed over the shoulder.

The minute hand of the big clock jumps to six o'clock precisely, and a powerful man in a dark suit with a watch in his left hand rises in his box up against the sky and waves a handkerchief, and at once we hear the drums and the squawk of trumpets. From a side gate two horses appear and go high-stepping across the sand towards a spot beneath the President's box. They are mounted by two men in black, and might for a moment be mistaken for two plump burghers from a canvas by Rembràndt. For they are dressed in the court fashion of the mid-seventeenth century. They have red and yellow plumes in their hats and they lift them to the president and rein around and canter back to the gate. They will half-circle back to another gate in the sun directly opposite the President's box and at another signal the band plays a tinny paso double.

The big central gates swing open and the plumed bailiffs lead out a procession, first of the three matadores, in their brilliant shirts, silk costumes embroidered in gold, their red stockings and black slippers and the rich, flowered caps they wear only for this short parade. Behind them come the team of all their assistants, other fighters in costumes trimmed with silver or black braid, then a little team of jumping jacks, in red jackets and caps and blue baggy trousers and white shoes. They could well be the monkeyish clowns we imagined at a medieval fair. That indeed is their name, monisabios, clever monkeys. They will need to be, for they are the picador's helpers, and must pull the fallen horses on to their feet, and they may today or some other time save the picador's life.

The whole team bows to the President's box, and marches out again and one of the plumed bailiffs lifts his hand high. In theory he is receiving from the President the keys to the bull pens. In fact, it is only the last of the many symbolic acts of the ritual, and by the time the bailiff has cantered off to a gate on the left, the keepers will have his keys in his hand. He is looking up and away over his right shoulder to the President's box, and when he sees the handkerchief flutter again, the thin trumpets sound again, the trap door is lifted and the pen gates swing open, and out into the light and sand trots a black bull. He stands there, his feet braced, his head high from the soaring mountain of his huge neck, and he wonders where he is. For three years, he has been bred and trained for this moment. In some quiet corral in Seville or Salamanca he has felt the thrust of the lance, he has seen capes whirl, he has been soothed in the evening by shambling teams of oxen, and if he has shown promise of courage he may have been caressed by his owner and given an extra ration of beans and oats. All the care and skill that have gone into his upbringing are directed to one end, to train him to concentrate the sureness of his 600 pounds into a single charge, quick enough to graze the thigh of even the best torero, explosive enough to toss a horse and rider over a barricade. He breathes hard. He looks around. Then far off, round the curve of the circular barrier he sees a small dancing figure waving a pink and yellow cape at him and making a staccato bleating sound.

And he takes off in a charge. Maybe he hesitates, or looks around, or gives up. But mostly, if he charges straight, the crowd knows that the black beast is mature enough, and will fight well and die well. So the most ancient and enduring of all the festivals of the Spanish people has begun.

I have started with a cliche, because it was solidly planted in Spanish life 800 years ago, and it is something you have to face. Many strangers avoid it on humanitarian grounds, or because it is so alien, or because they look on it, falsely, as the Latin equivalent of greyhound racing or cock-fighting or customs even more disreputable. One good way to learn something true about a country is to examine at first hand one of its obvious cliches, so that you can debunk it to your own satisfaction, or admit with more authority that it is not for you, or begin to feel its truth as the natives feel it. A great deal can be learned about France by watching French family at its meals, or about the United States by attending a baseball game, or about Britain by an hour in the gallery of the House of Commons at question time.

The bullfight is surely only a part of Spanish life, and there are Spaniards who dislike it or are bored by it, just as there are Englishmen who see nothing attractive in cricket or significant in a magistrate's preliminary hearing, which is a very English and very significant institution indeed. So is the bullfight significant ; it will not do to fly into a rage at the mention of the picadors and their poor blind-folded nags. I myself approve the recent crusade of the British bird protection society against the cooking of small and even rare birds in Italian cuisine. It is a strong argument, especially if you are a vegetarian. But many people who are against pig-sticking go on eating pork : and we are on shaky ground to refuse to look into bullfighting where often the bull is honoured and the man despised, and yet raise not a ripple of concern over, say, the lingering death of a fox gone to ground. The bull never goes to ground. He is never left to die. He is killed in the open, in hairsbreadth contact with a man on foot who, for most of the game, has nothing to defend himself with except the grace of his courage and only a piece of red cloth with which he hopes to hypnotize the bull to keep his head low.

It may pacify the squeamish, as well as the other objectors whom I respect, if I say that I am not going to tell any more about the ritual and tradition than that those stages are four, that they are each introduced by trumpet flourishes, like the acts of a play or a coronation ; that every perfomer and every move he makes (either by intent or by humorous impulse) has a name, and so also have all the accidents, the whimsies, the colour and temperament of the bulls, the several types of fans looking on, even the little boys who several times a season jump the barrier when the police are not watching and dash into the ring with a stick from home and a piece of rag and stand there in a pose, petrified and ashen and very young, and either get badly hurt or make a few scared, charming passes, and are greatly cheered as they scamper for the barrier again and the police, and a proud night in gaol.

A blonde American girl sitting behind me, surrounded by a forest of shaking handkerchiefs as the crowd roared and whistled its outrage at the cruelty of letting loose a bull too young and small, said aloud: 'What they don't seem to understand is. . .' Luckily, nobody around her understood English. 'What they don't seem to understand' is, you may be sure, nothing that has occurred to an Anglo-Saxon. They know that the most promising corrida can be the sorriest spectacle on earth. They know it can have moments, rarely a whole fight, when the original ideal comes alive : that of a fearless and unyielding bull skimming and wheeling at the bidding, a few inches away, of an exquisite and brave performer. They know something that escapes the shrill foreign devotees, the aficionados who are as solemn and contentious as jazz critics : that a bullfight is never one thing. It is not either beautiful or brutal. All at one time it can be brave, pitiful, squalid, heroic, messy, chivalrous, and obscene. Every Sunday afternoon, an old Spaniard told me he used to hear the crowds go rollicking impatiently past the window of his apartment, and he would lean out and innocently ask where they were heading. And they would cry back, "To the bulls!" About a couple of hours later he would hear them trudging back again, and when he asked where they had been, they would say, in a low grumble, "To the bulls".

I do not want to burden the bullfight with the whole weight of the Spanish character, which is the tendency of the tourist before any national institution that excites him. But it tells us something. It tells us much about the love of contradiction in a race of intense individualists who yet live fatalistically under a dictatorship. The bullfight is, as I have said, a stirring, and usually a blowsy, spectacle. It aims at an ideal of bravery and style and falls into dullness and squalor. It is in miniature one image of life as Latins tend to see it : a challenge to high romance always defeated by the rich and fatuous disorder of life itself, a wounding disappointment you can almost depend on, for which the only balm is certainly not politics but religion.

To English ears that last word may verge on blasphemy. Nothing could be more exactly untrue. Attached to every bullring is a chapel where the matadors pray before the fight. A priest waits throughout the corrida in case the worst should happen. The annual festivals of the bulls in most cities and villages are in honour of a protecting saint ; the greatest, which ended last week, is the feast of San Isidro, the patron saint of Madrid. One of the most famous passes with the cape has one of two disputed origins. Either it is named after St. Veronica, who wiped the brow of Jesus, or, others believe, it is named after the gesture of Mary Magadalene as she stood with a winding sheet ready to receive the body of Christ from the Cross. It does not matter whether these legends are true. It is everything that most people believe in them.

These may show how far a Spaniard is from regarding the bullfight as a mere sport or a tolerated weakness, like a football pool. It is morality play, that isolates, and sets against each other, the qualities which this courteous, passionate, and chivalrous people value most : which I take to be—courage, manners (that is to say, appropriate style), pride of self, cautioned by its opposite reminder that nothing conduces more to humility than the immediate prospect of a violent death.

NOTES

Alistair Cooke is a writer of broadcast articles for *The Listener in a* language which is neither too colloquial nor too formal, nor too literary. It should help the student to pick up the style used in current speech.

Page		
101	*Plaza de Toros*	the square of the bulls bullring.

Madrid	capital of Spain.
gluttony	excessive greed.
medieval	middle ages.
morality play	a play produced in the middle ages where the characters are vices and virtues allegorically presented as people.
wimple	head covering of nuns and women of former ages.
youth rally	meeting of young people for the display of physical training etc.
berets	round caps.
ramparts	walls.
thunder-heads	clouds.
steeply tiered	rows of seats built upwards at a sharp angle.
stadium	circular area for sports of all kinds.
field-glasses	binoculars, glasses to magnify objects at a distance.
102 *high-stepping*	used of a horse which lifts its feet high.
burghers	old word for town people or citizens.
canvas	a painting.
Rembrandt	(1609-69); the greatest painter of the Dutch School.
paso double	a dancing-step.
matadores	the men who kill the bull in a bull-fight.
jumping jacks	tumblers, acrobats.
picador	a man on horseback who carries a lance.
symbolic	things representing other things because they have some shared quality.

	ritual	connected with a ceremony.
	corral	pen, fenced-in area for cattle and horses.
	Seville *Salamanca*	Spanish towns.
	lance	long, sharp, pointed weapon.
	staccato	a succession of disconnected sounds.
	cliche	common-place saying.
104	*Latin*	peoples who speak languages derived from Latin such as Spanish.
	debunk	to clear away humbug or false values.
	gallery	visitors' balcony.
	question time	a time in which each member of parliament is allowed to ask a question.
	preliminary	initial.
	nags	broken-down horses.
	cuisine	cooking.
	pig-sticking	boar-hunting with spears.
	on shaky ground	without positive reasons.
	gone to ground	a hunted fox takes refuge underground. This is called going to ground.
	hairsbreadth	extremely close and narrow.
	fan	enthusiastic follower of a sport or hobby.
	petrified	frozen with fear.
	ashen	very pale.
	corrida	act of running (of bulls)
	sorriest spectacle	very regretful sight.
	at the bidding	at the command.
	aficionados	fans.
	contentious	quarrelsome.
	jazz	American negro folk music and dance music.

	to rollick	to walk in a careless, playful manner.
	fatalistically	accepting disaster without making an effort to overcome it.
	blowsy	fat and flushed.
	fatuous	silly, imbecile.
	balm	a soothing ointment, metaphorically used to mean comfort, solace.
107	*passes*	flourishes.
	St. Veronica	the woman who according to Christian legend wiped the sweat from the face of Christ on his way to crucifixtion.
	Mary Magdalene	a disciple of Jesus who was rescued by him from a life of sin.
	winding-sheet	grave-cloth.

A VISIT TO THE THEATRE

Henry Fielding

DURING the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces ! Nulla fides fronti is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder ? He then inquired after the Ghost. But Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this ; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now ; what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no ? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me ! What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.'

'Indeed, you saw right', answered Jones.

'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so ; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there—aye. no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Aye go about your business; I hate the sight of you.

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.'

'No wonder then', cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse gravedigger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had one in his hand. Aye, aye, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the Ghost I thought. Nemo omnibus horis sapit.'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The King, without doubt.'

'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.'

'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, 'why', I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me;but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

NOTES

Henry Fielding (1707-54) published his first novel *'Joseph Andrews'* in 1742. Although he began his literary career as a writer of plays, he achieved fame with his novels, *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. His writing is full of wit, wisdom and humanity.

Page		
111	*Partridge*	a character in Fielding's novel *Tom Jones*.

	Nulla Fides Fronti	"There is no trust on his brow" (Latin).
	the Ghost	the ghost of Hamlet's father appears to Hamlet.
	Squire Hamlet	being himself a squire and sympathetic to Hamlet, he gives him that title.
	as I am a living soul	an exclamation meaning 'As I live'.
	passion	fit of anger.
	If she was my own mother	Partridge is here referring to the scene between Hamlet & his mother when he reproaches her for her re-marriage.
112	*the play*	the play within the play which Hamlet has performed in order to prick the King's conscience.
	touched	moved.
	haunted	visited by ghosts.
	sexton	grave-digger.
	that should have	that would have been able to.
	Nemo omnibus horis sapit	"No one can be wise at all times" (Latin).
113	*as the town*	as the majority.

WRITING A STORY—ONE MAN'S WAY

Frank O'Connor

ONCE when I was lecturing in America and, as usual, could not think of a title for my lecture, someone advertised it as 'One Man's Way', and that seemed to me such a good title that I wanted to use it again. Because short-story writing is my job, and, as all of us who write stories will know, there is only one way to do a job and that is the way you do it yourself.

I am dealing here with one man's way of writing a story, and the thing this man likes best in a story is the story itself. A story begins when some one grabs you by the lapel and says: 'The most extra-ordinary thing happened to me yesterday.' I don't like the sort of story that begins with someone saying: I don't know if it's a matter of any interest to you but I'd like to describe my emotions while observing the sunset last evening.' I am not saying the second man may not have important things to say, things far more important than those the first has to say, but that particular tone gives me the shivers. I like the feeling that the story-teller has something to communicate, and if he doesn't communicate it he'll bust.

.The story can be anything from the latest shaggy dog story to an incident so complex that for the rest of your life you will be wondering what the meaning of it was. Let me tell you a story that has made me wonder. Once when my father and I were staying in a little seaside place in County Cork we got into conversation with a farmer whose son had emigrated to America. There he had married a North of Ireland girl, and soon after she fell very ill and was advised to go home and recuperate. Before she went to her own family she spent six weeks with her husband's family in County Cork, and they all fell in love with her. It was only when she had left that they discovered from friends in America that their son had been dead before she left America at all.

"Now why should she do a thing like that to us?" the old farmer asked, and for years I asked myself the same question.

Sometimes a story leaves you with a question. Sometimes it answers a question that has been in your mind. I had always felt ashamed of the horrible, snobbish attitude I had adopted to my own father and mother when I was growing up—an attitude for which there was no justification. Then a couple of years ago my wife and I were out walking in the little American city where we lived and we came on my son standing at a street corner with his girl, his first girl. I was wearing an Aran Island beret which I found very comfortable in the American winters. Instantly his face grew black and her face lit up and it was as plain as though the pair of them had said it that he was mortified by the spectacle of his degraded old father who knew no better than to wear a knitted cap in the street, and she was thrilled at the thought of a father who did not dress like every other American father.

At that moment I understood my own horrible snobbery, and realized that falling in love always means being a bit ashamed of one's own parents and a bit enthusiastic about others.' At the age of seventeen we all have ambitions to be adopted.

But before I wrote that story, or would allow any student of mine to write it, I had to see exactly what it looked like. I find it easier to see it if it is written in four lines. Four is only an ideal, of course; I don't really quarrel with five, and sometimes a difficult subject may require six. But four is the best length; four is a seed: anything more is a cutting from somebody else's garden.

I mean the sort of subject that begins like this: 'Mary Martin, unmarried, aged twenty-two, is a school-teacher in Belfast. She is the daughter of respectable parents; her father being employed in the shipyards and her mother a dressmaker.' Instantly I feel tied hand and foot, by school-teaching, Belfast, ship-building and dressmaking, and have the impression that I am never going to see that subject through all the trimmings. That is why I want to see it cut to four lines, even if this involves using algebraic symbols. In that way the story I told you about the old farmer in County Cork would read something like this: 'X marries Y abroad. After Y's death X returns home to Y's parents, but does not tell them Y is dead.'

That method looks crude, but from my point of view it has its advantages. It enables me to forget all about County Cork and farming, and the North of Ireland and the United States, even to forget the sex of the people concerned, so that I can imagine what the consequences would be if X were a man instead of a woman. It gives me freedom—freedom to try cut the story in terms of any place or group of people who happen to interest me at the moment, and who may, perhaps, illustrate the subject better than those to whom it originally related.

Obviously, there are limitations to this. You could not write a story like my little 'First Confession about a Protestant family.' But I always feel that there is something wrong with the poetic quality of any short story that adheres too closely to one place or nationality or religion or profession. One of the stories of mine that I like best was told to me originally about a well-known English actor and a London girl, so I set the story in Dublin, and just because I was able to do that without seriously affecting the subject, I felt it was a better story as I told it.

This necessity for freedom seems to me to hold for every aspect of story-telling. Take clergymen, for instance. When I write about clergymen I try not to think of clergymen: the same with lawyers and the same with policemen. A man's profession should be demonstrated by the circumstances, and we must find in the clergyman, the lawyer, or the policeman whatever it is that makes him a recognizable, individual human being and not a mere professional figure—whatever makes the clergyman have, maybe, a passion for amateur theatricals, the lawyer for roses, and makes the policeman sing in the parish choir on Sunday. That is what gives a story by Chekhov what I call interior perspective, so that instead of a flat surface of narrative, you get a texture like life itself, something you can walk in and out of, and move about in, and catch people from odd angles.

Before I start the serious business of writing a story I like to sketch it out in a rough sort of way. I like to block in the general outlines and see how many sections it falls into, which scenes are necessary and which are not, and which characters it lights up most strongly. At this stage it is comparatively easy to change scenes about in order to change the lighting so as to make it fall where you want it. At a later stage it requires considerably more fortitude. Of course, a close examination of the four lines of subject should give a fair idea of what this treatment will be like, but it is surprising how often it does not.

Here, for example, are two themes handled by students of mine. One described how, when he was a schoolboy, his mother took him out of school one day and brought him to a suburban railway station where she pointed out to him a good-looking girl. 'Follow her where-ever she goes,' said his mother. The girl got on a train, and the boy got into the same compartment. A few stops up the line she got out and he followed her off the train and down a ramp leading from an upstairs platform to the street. Below him in the street he suddenly saw his father's car and realized what his mother had made him do.

The other story was told by a student from New York. It was about the only son of a Jewish widow who kept a mean little shop in a New York slum. For close on a year the boy had been robbing the till of quarters and fifty-cent pieces to keep himself in movies and cokes. One day he came home from school, to find his mother had been coshed and the till robbed by a Jewish thug. Instantly the boy wanted to call the police and report the thief, whom his mother had recognized, but his mother said in horror : 'Isn't it bad enough for poor Mrs. Solomons to have a son like that without my handing him over to the police?" A little while later the boy noticed that he had stopped stealing.

Both of these were excellent themes, the second a beautiful one, but for the life of me I couldn't have said without working them out in class whether they should be told in the first person or the third. That is one of the hardest choices a young writer has to make. By using the first person you can get effects of depth and feeling that are impossible by any other method. You can see it for yourself. In the first subject: 'I saw my father's car standing below in the street' has many times the emotional effect of 'Peter saw his father's car standing below in the street; in the second 'I stole money from my mother' is stronger than 'Isaac stole money from his mother.'

In fact, in the second subject, it seems to me so strong that I should find it hard to treat the story in any other way. If you think of it in the third person there is little to choose between the boy and Solomons, and all you can do is mark the analogy as Joyce does in Counterparts. But the fact is that the boy who is really acted on in the story clearly sees the distinction; it is only gradually and almost unconsciously that he becomes aware of the analogy.

But the first subject is a much more difficult problem. You can get the same effect only by almost obliterating the whole relationship of the parents, and ignoring whatever diabolical fury there was in the mother that made her involve her innocent son in such a sordid episode. Can you afford to ignore that? Can you ignore the possibility that the father was really a decent man who was driven into devious courses by his wife's hysterical character?

This is the reason why in class I insist on this blocking out of the story, which I call a treatment. The students all hate it. They always want to begin right away with 'It was a spring evening, and under ice-cold skies the crowds were hurrying homeward along Third Avenue where the neon signs on the bars were beginning to be reflected in the exhausted eyes of office workers.' This is the sort of thing that makes me tear my hair out, because I know it is ten to one that that story should not begin on Third Avenue at all, and that whatever I may say later on about the necessity for putting it in the first or third person, somehow or other the student is going to work that story back to Third Avenue on a spring evening when the neon lights were beginning to be reflected in the exhausted eyes, etc.

Now that you know something about my shocking character, you probably have already perceived the difficulty the student has put me in. He has already surrendered his liberty for the sake of a pretty paragraph, and young writers love pretty paragraphs, so it is going to take something like a major operation to cut that pretty paragraph out and let him begin to think again about his subject. The time for fine writing comes when everything else is correct; when you know how the story should be told and whom the characters are that you want to tell it about; and the light falls not on the eyes of office workers but where you as a story-teller want it to fall—dead on the crisis, the moment after which everything changes; the moment in the first subject when the boy realizes what his mother had made him do to his father, and that in the second when the old Jewish lady says the words that will in time reveal to her son that he too is a thief.

Those of you who know something about my work will realize that even then, when you have taken every precaution against wasting your time, when everything is organized, and, according to the rules, there is nothing left for you to do but produce a perfect story, you often produce nothing of the kind. My own evidence for that comes from a story I once wrote called 'First Confession'. It is a story about a little boy who goes to confession for the first time and confesses that he had planned to kill his grandmother. I wrote the story twenty-five years ago, and it was published and I was paid for it. I should have been happy, but I was not. No sooner did I begin to re-read the story than I knew I had missed the point. It was too spread out in time.

Many years later a selection of my stories was being published, and I re-wrote the story, concentrating it into an hour. This again was published, and became so popular that I made more money out of it than I'd ever made out of a story before. You'd think that at least would have satisfied me. It didn't.

Years later, I took that story and re-wrote it in the first person because I realized it was one of those stories where it was more important to say 'I planned to kill my grandmother' than to say 'Jackie planned to kill his grandmother.' And since then, you will be glad to know, whenever I wake up at four in the morning and think of my sins, I do not any longer think of the crime I committed against Jackie in describing his first confession. The story is as finished as it is ever going to be and to end on a note of confidence, I would wish you to believe that if you work hard at a story over a period of twenty-five or thirty years, there is a reasonable chance that at last you will get it right.

NOTES

Frank O'Connor is a writer of broadcast articles for *The Listener* in a language which is neither too colloquial nor too formal nor too literary.

Page		
115	*bust*	slang for burst.
	shaggy-dog story	a type of joke which centred round a long-haired dog.
	County Cork	district in Northern Ireland.
116	*recuperate*	convalesce, recover from an illness.
	Aran Island	island off the Northern coast of Scotland.
117	*Cutting*	a piece of a plant cut off to grow a new one. Here used as a metaphor for taking someone else's ideas.
	tied hand and foot	imprisoned, unable to move.
	Dublin	Capital of Eire.
118	*parish choir*	a choir of a parish church.
	Chekhov	(1860-1904) ; Russian dramatist whose satirical humour has made him popular all over the world.
119	*ramp*	a sloping platform.
	slum	an overcrowded, poor area.
	till	a money-drawer, a money box in a shop, warehouse etc.

	thug	a cut-throat, a ruffian.
120	*Joyce*	James Joyce (1882-1941). One of the most famous of modern novelists; particularly known for his book "Ulysses".
	sordid	ignoble; base.
121	*devious*	irregular, improper.
	neon signs	illuminated displays used for advertising.
	to tear one's hair out	used figuratively to describe a mood of extreme anger or despair.

MY EARLY HOME

D. H. Lawrence

WE lived in the Breach, in a corner house. A field-path came down under a great hawthorn hedge. On the other side was the brook, with the old sheep-bridge going over into the meadows. The hawthorn hedge by the brook had grown as tall as tall trees, and we used to bathe from there in the dipping-hole, where the sheep were dipped, just near the fall from the old mill-dam, where the water rushed. The mill only ceased grinding the local corn when I was a child. And my father, who always worked in Brinsley pit, and who always got up at five o'clock, if not at four, would set off in the dawn across the field at Coney Grey, and hunt for mushrooms in the long grass, or perhaps pick up a skulking rabbit, which he would bring home at evening inside the lining of his pit-coat.

So that the life was a curious cross between industrialism and the old agricultural England of Shakespeare and Milton and Fielding and George Eliot. The dialect was broad Derbyshire, and always 'thee' and 'thou'. The people lived almost entirely by instinct, men of my father's age could not really read. And the pit did not mechanize men. On the contrary, under the butty system, the miners worked underground as a sort of intimate community, they knew each other with curious close intimacy, and the darkness and the underground remoteness of the pit 'stall', and the continual presence of danger, made the physical, instinctive, and intuition contact almost as close as touch, very real and very powerful. This physical awareness and intimate togetherness was at its strongest down the pit. When the men came up into the light, they blinked. They had in a measure, to change their flow. Nevertheless, they brought with them above ground the curious dark intimacy of the mine, and if I think of my childhood, it is always as if there was a lustrous sort of inner darkness, like the gloss of coal, in which we moved and had our real being.

My father loved the pit. He was hurt badly, more than once, but he would never stay away. He loved the contact, the intimacy, as men in the war loved the intense male comradeship of the dark days. They did not know what they had lost till they lost it. And I think it is the same with the young colliers of today.

Now the colliers had also an instinct of beauty. The colliers' wives had not. The colliers were deeply alive, instinctively. But they had no daytime ambition, and no daytime intellect. They avoided, really, the rational aspect of life. They preferred to take life instinctively and intuitively. They didn't even care very profoundly about wages. It was the women, naturally, who nagged on this score. There was a big discrepancy, when I was a boy, between the collier who saw, at the best, only a brief few hours of daylight—often no daylight at all during the winter weeks—and the collier's wife, who had all the day to herself when the man was down pit.

The great fallacy is to pity the man. He didn't dream of pitying himself, till agitators and sentimentalists taught him to. He was happy; or more than happy, he was fulfilled. Or he was fulfilled on the receptive side, not on the expressives. The collier went to the pub and drank in order to continue his intimacy with his mates. They talked endlessly, but it was rather of wonders and marvels, even in politics, than of facts. It was hard facts, in the shape of wife, money, and nagging home necessities which they fled away from, out of the house to the pub, and out of the house to the pit.

The collier fled out of the house as soon as he could, away from the nagging materialism of the woman. With the women it was always: This is broken, now you've got to mend it! or else: We want this, that and the other, and where is the money coming from? The collier didn't know and didn't care very deeply—his life was otherwise. So he escaped. He roved the countryside with his dog, prowling for a rabbit, for nests, for mushrooms, anything. He loved the countryside, just the indiscriminating feel of it. Or he loved just to sit on his heels and watch—anything or nothing. He was not intellectually interested. Life for him did not consist in facts, but in a flow. Very often he loved his garden. And very often he had a genuine love of the beauty of flowers. I have known it often and often, in colliers.

NOTES

D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930) was the son of a miner. He became a school-teacher for a while but soon gave it up to devote all his time to writing. His work as a novelist and as a poet has been very influential. One of his most famous novels is *Sons and Lovers*.

Page		
125	*hawthorn*	small tree used for hedges.
	brook	stream.
	dipping-hole	tank into which sheep are dipped in order to disinfect them.
	pit	coal-mine.
	skulking	lurking, hiding.
	dialect	local speech.
	mechanize	turn into machines.
	butty system	a system where each miner had a partner with whom he worked.
126	*intuitional*	truth perceived without reasoning and analysis.
	lustrous	glowing.
	gloss	shine.
	in which we moved and had our real being	a sentence from Wordsworth's poem "The Prelude".
	nagged	scolded.
	discrepancy	difference.
	fallacy	a wrong but commonly held notion.

YOUR CAR: DRIVING AND ARRIVING

J. B. Boothroyd

I DON'T want to take the bread out of the mouth of the Minister of Transport, so if ever he wants to use what I'm going to say, it's perfectly all right with me. You never know, I might want to pinch a bit out of one of his speeches some time. No, the thing is, it's not a bit of use talking on the subject of driving, without first laying really tremendous emphasis on the importance of reading the Highway Code.

The reason for this is that if you don't read it you'll never get a licence to drive; because the form you have to fill applying for this licence not only asks all the usual questions about whether you ever intend to drive without a waistcoat, and all that sort of thing, but there's one place where it says quite bluntly, 'Have you read the Highway Code?', and if you do say 'No', it's absolutely useless. It doesn't matter that there's an elaborate affidavit affair at the bottom, swearing that all your answers are true. It's no good their being true if they aren't the answers they want.

I know this, because a friend of mine who was about to become a motorist did say 'No' to the Highway Code question, and they sent the form back and told him to change it to 'Yes'. So he crossed out 'No' and put 'Yes' and got the licence. But he was terribly upset in his conscience afterwards, because of course it made him a liar in the affidavit at the bottom. And it's a bad thing for a man driving his first car to be worrying all the time about whether his immortal soul is in danger; it's just that sort of lapse in concentration that lands you on the pavement with one wheel through a grocer's window.

So I do recommend the Code. It used to cost a penny, but I expect it's gone up now. Even if it has, it'll still work out cheaper than a grocer's window. Besides, it's full of very good stuff. It tells you to see that your driving seat is 'secure and correctly adjusted' before moving off. I expect you've noticed everyone doing this before they drive out of a car-park—testing the seat with a tape-measure, tightening the screws, getting in and trying it and getting out again to make sure it's just right, while their wives sit there knitting and thanking their stars they've married a careful driver. And it also mentions that a cyclist mustn't ride if he is drunk—that's from section 12 of the 1872 Licensing Act, so you can see the whole thing is pretty thoroughly covered.

Actually, the only thing I feel is missing is some diagrams of headgear. It's got everything else that you have to look out for—hump bridges, hansom cabs and so on, but the hat of the driver in front simply isn't illustrated at all. Now my driving is almost entirely governed by the hat of the driver in front. I can tell at a glance what each style and angle of hat is going to do. The shapeless tweed will pull into the middle of the road as soon as he sees you're trying to pass. In the case of a lady's shapeless tweed it'll be in the middle of the road anyway, and when it sees you coming it's likely to draw slightly to the right.

A bowler hat of the less fashionable kind, worn well on the back of the head, denotes the risk of sudden and unsignalled braking the minute its wearer spots a pub. The well-curled trilby, tilted slightly forward, isn't likely to worry you much; it means speed, and unless you're wearing one too you'll never catch up with it. Representing complete unpredictability is the feminine creation in piled and swathed velvet, often with feather; sometimes known as the church worker or jumble sale hat; it can do anything from an instantaneous U-bend to a somersault, and my advice to anyone who comes up behind one of these is to stop for lunch until it's blown over.

So much for driving. Driving, as someone has said, is about chaps. Arriving, of course, is about maps. Or mostly, at any rate.

I must say, I've never seen quite eye to eye with Robert Louis Stevenson's crack about better to travel hopefully than to arrive. I mean, as long as you arrive, it doesn't seem to matter if you have travelled with tears of anxiety running down your steering column.

As a matter of fact, I don't see why you shouldn't do both—travel hopefully and arrive—in the present advanced state of the internal combustion engine, or 'I.C.E.' as my log-book calls it.

Incidentally, I had a fearful shock the first time I saw that. It was in the first log-book I ever had. It was a very old log-book; it seemed to be made of pressed bread-crumbs; and they'd had to paste an extra couple of pages in to get all the names of the previous owners on. So I hadn't much faith in the car, anyway—and then I found this place where it said: Colour, Black; Type of Body, Saloon; Propelled by, ICE. I went out and studied the car closely, expecting to find it was a pre-steam job, but it was all right, it only used petrol, after all—in colossal quantities. Actually, several times since then, I've had a sort of crazy idea that there might be something in it. The ice-propelled car : you know—some entirely unthought-of principle of perpetual motion, that everyone else has overlooked because of its utter simplicity. You never know. There might be a fortune there.

However, to return to R L.S.—please don't think I hold that remark against him. We all make mistakes. You can't expect a Treasure Island every time. But one thing I'm sure of : the mistake most people make is to travel too hopefully. They jump in the car and roar off, roughly in the direction of wherever they hope to get to, and the first T-junction that comes along without a signpost of any kind, they're completely done. That's a speciality of T-junctions; I expect you've noticed. With forks you often get the opposite. There's one in Derbyshire; a nice wide road, and without any warning it suddenly divides into two nice wide roads; nothing to choose between them, really; and each has a signpost, and each signpost says 'Chesterfield, 3 miles'.

Of course, there's an obvious explanation of this: it's just to give tourists a choice of angle to see the crooked spire from. But that's no help to the man who's driving by the seat of his pants, as we used to say in the R.A.F. Police, and hasn't any maps with him but a municipal holiday-guide showing a town plan of Llandudno. If he happens to be a man who hates making decisions he could very well be stuck there, motionless, until someone comes along and offers to saw his car in half. And of course, even if you have a map, it's no good getting lost before you look at it. Maps are like calendars ; not a bit of use unless you happen to know where you are at the moment. It's like ringing up the friend you're hoping to have lunch with and telling him you are lost. And he asks where you're phoning from, and you say, well, you think you're about thirty miles off,and the only landmark you can really give him is a triangular-shaped field with two cows under a tree.

No, you can have too much hope. What you really need is planning, planning all the way. It's sheer inability to plan that accounts for the average motorist's enormous quantity of driving to every tiny little bit of arriving. Every day of the week motorists even lose themselves in my village. It's incredible. They're always going into the shops and asking to be put on the road to Horsham. It amuses the shopkeepers no end. I mean, anyone in my village could tell you the road to Horsham without a moment's thought, and here are these great rich fat motorists in gigantic yellow motor-cars with built-in tape-recorders and tail-fins like the Bristol Britannia, and they don't know whether they're-coming or going. Terrible, really. If only they'd sit up all night with ten or a dozen maps spread out all over the floor, and a few friends who know the route well to give them sixteen different best ways of getting there, they wouldn't have this trouble.

If you do this, then all you have to do next morning is to give your wife a piece of paper with all the dope written down, and sit back and drive. I'm assuming your wife's coming with you, naturally. Oh, and talking of dope, that just reminds me to say that, even with all this organization under your belt, you must expect to be on your own for the first ten miles or so, because the lady on your left will be busy in a cloud of amyl-acetate. Newly-married motorists, the first time this happens, think that the car's on fire and what they can smell is the body paint melting; what's really happening is that the navigator is using the bit of paper to balance her little bottle of nail-varnish on, and when you say, 'Is it left out of this round about?'—you're doing fifty-five and the turning's thirty yards off—she says, 'Just a minute while I finish this thumb.' Then for three miles she has to wring her hands while the stuff dries, and by that time you've come to an enormous signpost saying London and the North, when what you really want is Exeter and the South-West; and she corks up her varnish-bottle and says, 'Well, I didn't like to say anything, but shouldn't we have turned off where we nearly hit that old man on a bicycle?'

By the way, if you're one of those people who feel they must have the map itself in the car—and those little pieces of paper can get screwed up and chucked out of the window,—make sure you've got a car big enough to unfold it in. Lots of people I know have taken months to choose a new car, worrying over the petrol consumption and number of carburettors and the shape of the wheels; and the first time they take it out they find they can't open a map in it without spreading the unused portion over the driver's head.

And just a last hint on maps: try and get one that hasn't got your destination in a fold of the paper, so that it rubs itself out of existence in your pocket on the way home from the map shop. I know this is very difficult. Statisticians estimate that in ninety-nine maps out of a hundred the place you're going to is situated in this way. One solution, which I've often found to work well, is to change your plans after you've bought the map and go somewhere different. I believe some people use this as an excuse when they're asked to dine with someone they don't like very much. 'We'd love to come', they say on the phone, 'but George was only saying the other day, we simply can't get a map that hasn't got you in one of the creases, and rubbed out.'

One point about arriving—and this is of special interest to the second-hand or used motorist—is whether you feel you can take your car right up to the house or not. You can usually tell from the look of the place from the road: if it has two lots of entrance gates, with bits of weather-beaten stone heraldry worked into the design, and your car's a blistered old creature with bloodshot windows, there's nothing like leaving it fifty yards off and walking the half-mile up the drive.

Though I must say, doing this led to one of my most embarrassing experiences. I actually drove right up to the house; I really hardly knew these people at all—it was a cocktail party of some kind—and I thought for a minute I'd got into a drive-in cinema in California, you never saw such cars parked outside. And as it happened I'd had a bit of bad luck with mine a few days before. I'd gone to a scrap-yard to try and get a running board because one of mine had dropped off, and while I was turning over the heaps of odds and ends—they call them 'orphan parts' in the business; did you know that? I think there's something rather touching about it—anyway, while I was doing this, someone else, another customer, I suppose must have seen my car on the edge of the heap and thought it was just a lot of orphan parts stuck together, and pinched the bonnet casing.

So here I was, at this terribly stately home, in the middle of all this automotive splendour, and my car with one running board missing and its engine open to the winds, and I reversed briskly and left it in the road outside, on a bit of grass across the way, and went to the party. It wasn't half a bad one, actually; in fact I was the last to leave; and my host came out with me, to make sure I actually did leave, I suppose, and he said, 'Where's your car?' It's a proof of the state of shame I was in that I told him I hadn't got one and I'd come by bus. And of course he insisted on driving me home in his 15-litre Humperdinck Pacemaster, or whatever it was. Maddening, really. Because next morning early I did have to go by bus, to get my car back—and I need hardly say that I was trying to start it when my host of the night before came out of the drive with a couple of expensive dogs. I thought I'd better plunge in and take the initiative, so I gave him a bright 'Good Morning'. Luckily, he threw one glance at my car and ignored the pair of us. So it all worked out very well, really.

NOTES

These humorous essays *Your Car : Driving and Arriving*" and the "*The Little Black Car*" included in this selection are by the English humorous writer, Boothroyd, and constitute broadcast articles published in *The Listener*. They are written in what may be called "*Considered Spoken English*".

Page		
129	*Highway Code*	a British Government publication to teach good manners on the roads.
	affidavit	a solemn declaration.
130	*hump-bridges*	bridges which form arches over a depression.
	hansom cab	a two-wheeled, one-horse carriage.
	bowler-hat	a stiff felt hat.
	trilby	a soft felt hat.
	swathed	wrapped around.
	Robert Louis Stevenson	(1850-94) ; A well-loved writer of novels, poems, romances and plays. His book Treasurer Island (see below) first made him famous.
	log-book	a book in which a daily record of progress is kept.
132	*R.L.S.*	Robert Louis Stevenson (see above)
	Treasure Island	It is a romance about the adventure of a young boy, Jim Hawkins in his search for treasure.
	crooked spire	a church tower which has tilted to an angle.
	Llandudno	sea-side town in North Wales.
	Horsham	small town in Sussex, England.
134	*dope*	slang for stupid person.
	amyl-acetate	the main ingredient of nail-polish.
	Exeter	a town in Devon, England.
135	*heraldry*	coats of arms, insignia of rank.
	California	a state in the western U.S.A.

136	*touching*	affecting, pathetic.
	stately home	an aristocratic house.
	15-litre Humperdinck Pacemaster	a very powerful car.

THE FIRE OF LONDON

Samuel Pepys

1666. SEPTEMBER 2ND (Lord's Day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark-lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out of the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church and most part of

Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to mysight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and diving it into the City, and everything after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs—lives, and whereof my old school-fellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to white Hall (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the king. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cooke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Walting-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinarily good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it. That he needed no more soldiers; and that for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already I and he doubts (as it soon proved) that

they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man.

NOTES

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) was born in London and educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he left the manuscript of his diary which he kept from 1659-69. This is an extract from that diary which is written in an informal style enlivened by wit, candour and delight in life.

Page

Lord's Day	Sunday
night gown	dressing gown.
closet	study.
London Bridge	the old bridge over the Thames on which houses were constructed.
presently	at once.
Lieutenant of the Tower	Officer in charge of the Tower of London.
water-side	bank of the river Thames.
lighters	barges.
loth	reluctant.
to quench	to put out.
mighty high	very strong.
drought	period without rain.
combustible	easily burned.
Lord Mayor	the chief officer of the city.
bid	ordered.

Paul's	St. Paul's Cathedral.
spent	exhausted.
distracted	mad.
pitch and tar	a dark liquid substance which burns easily.
churches all filling	The writer means that 'they would be better occupied in prayer than in trying to save their goods.'

THE LITTLE BLACK CAR

J.B. Boothroyd

I'VE recently got one of those little black cars—you know, the sort that everybody else has. I don't know why it is but whatever car I get, everyone else suddenly seems to have the same idea. Anyway, I drove into my nearby shopping town the other Saturday, to get some fish and the groceries and dry-cleaning and all that sort of thing—it's murder, absolute murder, shopping in that town: ten thousand cars and not a space to park except the entrance to the fire station. However, on this particular morning I got through in record time, and I shoved all the things in the boot and made a beeline for home. And I was just about half-way there when a rather startling thing happened. I found I was being licked on the back of the neck by a dog. Of course, if you're a dog-owner, you'll say what's startling about that, and I quite agree. But it just happened that I hadn't taken the dog with me.

So I pulled up pretty smartly and had a look in the back, and there was this sheep-dog type dog, complete stranger to me, with its tongue hanging out all ready for another go. And I said, 'Hello, whose doggie are you?' but he didn't answer, and then I saw he'd got his name on his collar, 'Arthur': pretty silly name for a dog, I must say and there was the address of a farm on the other side of the town—you know, about seven miles back in the wrong direction.

Well, of course, I saw what had happened ; it was entirely my fault for not locking the car up ; but none of us do round our way ; it's bad enough to stop at fourteen different shops, without dropping the car keys each time. And what had happened was that whoever owned the dog had got fed up with trailing him round, and had shoved him in the car to wait. Only of course they'd shoved him in my car and not theirs. And I couldn't quite decide what to do about it. For one thing, I was supposed to be back with the first at one o'clock, and if I took the dog home he wouldn't get on terribly well with my dog, because he's even jealous of the goldfish. On the other hand, if I took him back and handed him in to the police station there'd be all those forms to fill in and affidavits to swear, and all that.

So I thought I'd have a quiet smoke and think this thing out, and I opened the cubby-hole to see if I'd got any cigarettes, and I hadn't. What I had got was a rather nice lady's handbag, that I'd never seen in my life before . . . with all the usual bric-a-brac in it . . . practically everything but a cigarette, in fact—which by this time I was needing worse than ever ; because, of course, the situation had taken on a sinister new twist. It was no longer a question of the dog being in my car. I was in the dog's.

Very awkward. For all I know the dog-and-handbag lady had already reported the car stolen . . . I mean, I could see myself being in the police station under quite different circumstances, and between you and me it took quite a bit of courage to turn round and go back, but it was the only thing to do.

So I went back, and I drove very slowly up and down the High Street looking for my car, NPM 675. Nothing. Not a sausage. Heaps of little black cars, but not mine. And it crossed my mind for a minute that perhaps I ought to go and report a stolen car. Then I thought, on the whole, perhaps not. Look a bit fishy, driving up to the police station in a little black car and reporting a stolen one just like it . . . they'd have had me walking white lines and saying British Constitution before I'd been in the place five minutes. No, there was nothing for it but to drive out and try to find this farm place and make a clean breast of the whole thing. So that's what I did. It took a bit of finding, too. It was at the end of a cart-track, at the end of a cinder-path, at the end of a mud lane, full of shell-holes, just off an unadopted road.

However, I made it, and it turned out to be quite a pleasant little farmhouse, with a bit of courtyard in front, and a few cows shouting the odds round the back. And I got out of the car, and so did the dog, and I was just going to knock on the door when a man opened it and said, 'Come on, darling, where have you been, I'm starving.' And then he said, 'Oh hello. And I said, 'Hello. I've brought your dog, Arthur, back.' And he said, 'What do you mean? "Arthur"? That's Sheila. My name's Arthur.' And I was really getting very confused by this time, and I couldn't see, at first, why the dog should have the farmer's name on his collar—until of course I realized it was his surname; the farmer's surname, I mean, not the dog's. And I said, 'Oh, well, anyway, I'm afraid your wife's driven off in my car.' And he said; 'But isn't this your car?' And I said, 'Oh, no. Mine's NPM 675.' And he said, 'But that's what this is.' And I went and looked at the number-plate, and of course it was. You see, I'd been right in the first place. I mean, no wonder I couldn't spot my car in the High Street, because, I'd been in it.

Well, I must say, the farmer took the whole thing like a gentleman. Gentleman farmer, I suppose you'd call him. And he said, 'Well, look, we'd better go in and have a drink, and wait until the missis turns up.' And he said he wasn't at all surprised that this had happened, because his wife was a very scatterbrained female, and was quite capable of putting all her things in a Post Office mail-van if it was handy. He put all the blame entirely on her—really couldn't have been more courteous. And we had a couple of sherries, and then up she came in her little black car, saying that she'd been robbed of the dog and the handbag. And her husband said, 'No, you haven't, darling don't be a clot; you put them in Mr. What-is-it's car.' And she thought a minute and then she said, 'Oh, of course .... it must have been when I popped back to have a word with Mabel in the fruit-shop. I remember now, thinking the car seemed to be in a different place.' So of course we all had a good laugh and another couple of sherries, and the whole thing ended on a very gay note. Very happily really.

There was just one slight snag as far as I was concerned, because of course it was twenty-past two when I got home, and my wife was—well, you know, a bit upset. And she was even more upset when she went down to get the fish and groceries and the dry-cleaning out of the boot, because there was nothing in there but a rather small bale of hay. I had got the wrong car this time.

NOTES

Pages		
	bric-a-brac	assorted ornaments, odds and ends.
145	*Not a sausage*	not a thing.
147	*clot*	slang for idiot, stupid person.

HARRIS IN THE MAZE

Jerome K. Jerome

HARRIS asked me if I'd ever been in the maze at Hampton Court. He said he went in once to show somebody else the way. He had studied it up in a map, and it was so simple that it seemed foolish—hardly worth the twopence charged for admission. Harris said he thought that map must have been got up as a practical joke, because it wasn't a bit like the real thing, and only misleading. It was a country cousin that Harris took in. He said :

'We'll just go in here, so that you can say you've been, but it's very simple. It's absurd to call it a maze. You keep on taking the first turning to the right. We'll just walk round for ten minutes, and then go and get some lunch.'

They met some people soon after they had got inside, who said they had been there for three-quarters of an hour, and had had about enough of it. Harris told them they could follow him, if they liked ; he was just going in, and then should turn round and come out again. They said it was very kind of him, and fell behind, and followed.

They picked up various other people who wanted to get it over, as they went along, until they had absorbed all the persons in the maze. People who had given up all hopes of ever getting either in or out, or of ever seeing their home and friends again, plucked up courage, at the sight of Harris and his party, and joined the procession, blessing him. Harris said he should judge there must have been twenty people following him, in all ; and one woman with a baby, who had been there all the morning, insisted on taking his arm, for fear of losing him.

Harris kept on turning to the right, but it seemed a long way, and his cousin said he supposed it was a very big maze.

'Oh, one of the largest in Europe,' said Harris.

'Yes, it must be,' replied the cousin 'because we've walked a good two miles already.'

Harris began to think it rather strange himself, but he held on until, at last, they passed the half of a penny bun on the ground that Harris' cousin swore he had noticed there seven minutes ago. Harris said : 'Oh, impossible !' but the woman with the baby said, 'Not at all,' as she herself had taken it from the child, and thrown it down there, just before she met Harris. She also added that she wished she never had met Harris, and expressed an opinion that he was as impostor. That made Harris mad, and he produced his map, and explained his theory.

'The map, may be all right enough,' said one of the party, 'if you know whereabouts in it we are now.'

Harris didn't know, and suggested that the best thing to do would be to go back to the entrance and begin again. For the beginning again part of it there was not much enthusiasm; but with regard to the advisability of going back to the entrance there was complete unanimity, and so they turned, and trailed after Harris again, in the opposite direction. About ten minutes more passed, and then they found themselves in the centre.

Harris thought at first of pretending that that was what he had been aiming at ; but the crowd looked dangerous, and he decided to treat it as an accident.

Anyhow, they had got something to start from then. They did know where they were and the map was once more consulted, and the thing seemedsimpler than ever, and off they started for the third time.

And three minutes later they were back in the centre again.

After that they simply couldn't get anywhere else. Whatever way they turned brought them back to the middle. It became so regular at length, that some of the people stopped there, and waited for the others to take a walk round, and come back to them. Harris drew out his map again, after a while, but the sight of it only infuriated the mob, and they told him to go and curl his hair with it. Harris said that he couldn't help feeling that, to a certain extent, he had become unpopular.

They all got crazy at last, and sang out for the keeper, and the man came and climbed up the ladder outside, and shouted out directions to them. But all their heads were, by this time, in such a confused whirl that they were incapable of grasping anything and so the man told them to stop where they were, and he would come to them. They huddled together, and waited ; and he climbed down, and came in.

He was a young keeper, as luck would have it, and new to the business; and when he got in, he couldn't get to them, and then he got lost. They caught sight of him, every now and then, rushing about the other side of the hedge, and he would see them, and rush to get to them, and they would wait there for about five minutes, and then he would reappear again in exactly the same spot, and ask them where they had been.

They had to wait until one of the old keepers came back from his dinner before they got out.

Harris said he thought it was a very fine maze, so far as he was a judge; and we agreed that we would try to get George to go into it on our way back.

NOTES

Jerome K. Jerome (1859-1927), a novelist and playwright, is the famous author of the humorous masterpiece *Three Men in a Boat*. His work is known for a blend of humour and sentiment.

Page		
149	***maze***	**a network of paths.**
	Hampton Court	**a former royal palace situated on the river Thames, a few miles out of London. The Maze still exists today.**

All Rights Reserved with the
Punjab Textbook Board,
Lahore.

Corrected by the National Committee for the Review of School/College Text-Books

Prepared by :
Punjab Textbook Board,
Lahore.

Prescribed for the Intermediate Classes by the Boards of Intermediate and Secondary Education Lahore, Multan, Sargodha, Rawalpindi and Bahawalpur, as a textbook for elective English students.

The Quaid Said,

"You must devote yourself whole-heartedly to your studies, for that is your first obligation to yourselves, your parents and to the state."

stop
smoking
It is Injurious to Health

Code No. G 195 **Serial No.** 56

Edition	Impression	Printed in	Copies	Price
Ist	7th	July, 1994	2000	10.20